

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 CENTS A COPY
ONE YEAR \$2.50

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

AUGUST 14, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 33



WHAT MAGIC THERE IS IN
A BABY'S SMILE! SHE CRIES
IN THE MORNING • AND
YOU RISE • HEAVY-LIDDED •
TO COMFORT HER • • SHE
FRETS ALL DAY • AND YOU
SPEND THE MINUTES TRY-
ING TO SOOTH HER • • SHE
REFUSES TO SLEEP AT NIGHT • AND • WEARY
AND DISCOURAGED • YOU WALK THE FLOOR
WITH HER • • THEN JUST BEFORE HER EYES
CLOSE SHE LOOKS UP AT YOU AND SMILES •
AND YOU ARE READY TO DO IT ALL OVER
AGAIN!

IN THE NEXT ISSUE AND JUST AHEAD

AUGUST 21

CARCAJOU

By John Schoolcraft

A tale of a wolverene that outwits a wolf pack

THE POSTPONED BRIDES

By Anne McQueen

A delightful story of some old maids and their
successive hope chests

TREASURE SWAMP

By Frank Lillie Pollock

Chapter 1. In which two boys find a deserted
shack

AUGUST 28

THE TRAINING OF EDDIE AKERS

By Charles A. Hoyt

The tale of an abused boy and a corn-husk-
ing contest

HIGH WATER

By Harriet Lummis Smith

The story of a girl, a freshet and some oblig-
ing thieves

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE

By James F. Muirhead

An account of the most marvelous of modern
toys

PERRY MASON COMPANY • BOSTON • MASSACHUSETTS



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company, The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 861 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to the address below and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

CELIAC DISEASE

CELIAC disease is not infrequent and often causes a great amount of unnecessary suffering because people do not recognize the condition. It occurs most frequently in early childhood, but in exceptional cases may be encountered in older children and even in adults. The main characteristic of the disease is an inability to digest fats—a circumstance that results in wasting and retardation of growth.

The disease may begin either gradually or suddenly. It occurs in two forms. In one the attack begins with a colorless diarrhoea; the discharge contains a large amount of fat. Soon the child begins to show signs of inanition; it becomes emaciated and colorless; the feet and ankles are often swollen; pressure with the finger leaves a pit that disappears slowly. The child is weak and sometimes complains of muscular pains and tenderness. The appetite is very poor, and there is usually a little fever each evening. The abdomen is enlarged and doughy to the touch and is often distended with gas. The little sufferer not unnaturally is nervous and fretful, impossible to placate or amuse and, though an object of the deepest sympathy, a severe trial to the family. After a time the child gives evidence of being seriously ill. The course of the disease is variable. In some cases the emaciation and cachexia are progressive and lead to a fatal termination, but more commonly, even in the absence of treatment, improvement sets in when the child reaches the age of ten or twelve years. Then the ability to digest fat gradually returns, though perhaps it never becomes quite normal.

The other form of the disease occurs without diarrhoea, but the discharges nevertheless contain a large proportion of fat. This form is less severe, and the mental and physical symptoms are milder.

Treatment consists chiefly in regulating the diet. The mother may have recognized that the diet was at fault, but laid the trouble to pastry or to starchy foods and, so far from suspecting an inability to digest fat, may have innocently added fuel to the flame by dosing the child with cod-liver oil. The aim is to reduce the amount of fat to a point where the digestive powers of the child are able to assimilate it. The foods to be eliminated, or at least greatly reduced in amount, are chiefly milk and cream, butter, dripping and gravies, fat meats and fat fish such as salmon. As the child improves skimmed milk may be added in small quantity, and finally when the patient seems to be cured tentative additions of fatty food may be made, such as thin spreads of butter or an occasional slice of bacon. If those are well borne, a gradual return to normal diet may be effected.

A COW TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

IN a recent delightful volume, the Lone Wint-ter, Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene makes her readers intimately acquainted with eighteen ponies, an extra horse or so, a cow, a cat, a dog and a few incidental chipmunks and birds. They were her sole companions on a farm during a long winter. Caring for domestic animals during intense cold is no light task, and once the mercury dropped to twenty below zero.

"The wind roared blindingly," writes Mrs. Greene. "Poor Cressy—the cow—was in a shivering hoop with a belt of frost across her hips; all the ponies had frosty muzzles. I had a death grapple with the watering trough. A thirsty circle of ponies were behind me; I hove the axe above my head—and I hove, and I hove! and still my pale green furrow in the ice was dry. Just as I was wondering if the beastly thing had frozen clear to the bottom, sloop! and a blessed gout of water flew in my face. When I let Cressy out she came across the yard in three leaps; then she trotted clumsily in a circle, shaking first one hind foot and then the other, just as we used to do in gymnastic class at recess. Only I don't think Cressy did it to take

the blood away from her brain! Her feet were probably screaming, poor dear! She was shaking her head too, and there were red rims round her eyes. She really looked, for so mild a lady, quite dangerous.

"I persuaded her up to the trough, and she put her lips most gingerly to the water, wetting them a little, then fondly licking her nose to warm it, drawing in long whistling breaths exactly as some people do when their tea is too hot, and finally beginning to swallow in great apprehensive swallows. When she had had enough and looked nice and smooth and blown up she backed away, shaking and twisting her head and shivering so terribly that I said against all custom, 'Want to come in right now, Cressy?' She put down her head, gave a hop and a suppressed bellow as much as to say, 'Do I!' and simply flew for the door. I found an old horse blanket and put it on her. She may decide to make a lunch of it.—Cressy adores dry-goods,—but it will warm her up for a while."

With the coming of spring mistress and mooly were in a different mood. "Yesterday in a soft rain I picked my first violets. I wandered about picking a flower here and there; Cressy lumbered to her feet. My job looked congenial to a cow. She stretched one hind leg elaborately and arranged her tail in a circle on her spine—the last touch of geniality; then she sauntered after me. I turned an unreciprocated back. 'No, I shan't give you my flowers! By, Cressy.' Not a bit of it! With her customary hop of pleasure this parlor pet capered after me, shaking the ground with her gambolings. She gained my side and with a loud *whoof* of contentment fell into step. Her cowy breath, sweet and milky, came up to me; her head nodded; in her eye was satisfaction. It is so easy to have a cow and so charming! My Cressy is as amusing as a subscription to a comic magazine. I love the funny old dear."

© ©

THE MODEST STEVENSON

THE only visit that Robert Louis Stevenson paid to the bookshop of Mr. Walter T. Spencer, in London, made a lasting impression on the owner. In *Forty Years in My Bookshop* Mr. Spencer thus describes it:

Always I remember the night when Robert Louis Stevenson came into my shop. It was in the year 1885 that he made his one call on me, during a break in a journey from Edinburgh to Bournemouth. The day had been very wet, and he sat down wearily in a chair in my shop parlor to examine some pamphlets that he had inquired about. He told me that one of his shoes leaked, and I suggested that he take it off and allow it to be dried.

I thought Mr. Stevenson would be interested to see a catalogue that I had just issued in which the first edition of his *New Arabian Nights* (two volumes, published in 1882) was listed at 8s. 6d. in the original cloth. A moment earlier he had been depressed by the sight on my shelves of some sixty copies of the book—a library surplus that I had purchased for a shilling a volume. I can see now the change on his face as he looked up from the catalogue.

"But, Mr. Spencer," he said wistfully, "no one asks about first editions of my books, do they?" Poor Stevenson's lack of self-confidence was never justified, for the book gradually increased in price, moving to four guineas, to six, to eight. At the sale of Colonel Pridaux's library I gave £47 for a copy. But neither R.L.S. nor I, as we sat there talking on that rainy night, ever thought I should live to see the day when, knowing how limited is the edition, I had to bid £101, as I did in 1921, for a book that thirty-seven years earlier I had priced at 8s. 6d. An exceptional experience surely in a bookseller's own lifetime!

© ©

THE VALUE OF AN EDUCATION

PAT, says a contributor, was sexton of St. Bridget's Church when the officials decided to combine the duties of a clerk with those of sexton. Since Pat could neither read nor write he lost his job. Then he got work driving a wagon and went to hauling dirt.

Pretty soon he bought the wagon and the horses that he drove. At the end of a year he owned several wagons, purchased with his profits. After another year or so he had a large and prosperous transportation business with many wagons and trucks.

About that time he was making a contract, and when he admitted that he couldn't read the lawyer said, "You can't read, and yet you have built up this great business! My, my, what wouldn't you be if you'd only learned to read and write!"

"O! would be sexton of St. Bridget's Church," replied Pat.

© ©

MILTON'S REPLY

PROBABLY no one has ever called John Milton a wit, yet the great poet could on occasion make a stinging retort, as an old letter, recently discovered, shows. Charles II desired to meet Milton, and when he did he remarked bitterly:

"God hath punished you for your malice toward my father by taking away your eyesight."

"Aye," said Milton, "but before I lost my eyes he lost his head."



Pals for Years to Come

The countless boys who now own Remington Portables are the envy of all their friends. It is a great thing for any boy to have his own typewriter, for this handy little friend is his best helper in all of his school work. And the wise boy, who looks into the future, knows that it gives him a training that will be helpful and useful to him through all the days of his life.

The Remington Portable is the popular favorite, and it is the boy's favorite—all for the same reasons. It has the one and only Standard Keyboard, exactly like the big machines, and that makes it the easiest machine to learn and to operate. And the writing, even the beginner's writing, is so clear and beautiful that it will always give you a pride in your own work.

Remember it is made by Remington, which means that it is strong, sturdy and reliable. And then it's so compact—with case only four inches high. You can carry it anywhere and use it anywhere, on your lap if you wish, for "it carries its table on its back."

Talk it over with Dad

Ask Dad if he doesn't think a Remington Portable would help a lot. Tell him you will be glad to loan it to him whenever he wants to use it, for, honestly, he needs this time-saving helper just as much as you do.

Easy payment terms if desired.

Write today for our illustrated "For You—For Everybody."

Address Department 64

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

374 Broadway, New York—Branches Everywhere

Remington Typewriter Company of Canada, Limited; Main Office, 68 King Street West, Toronto

REMINGTON Portable Typewriter

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER—IN SALES AND POPULARITY

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1924, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

DRAWINGS BY
R. W. AMICK

The HUNDREDTH CALF

By
John Harbottle

AN even hundred calves for the season, Ralph, and both you and Percy may plan to go to school next term. So watch the herd and beat the coyotes."

With a pleased smile Ralph Ellis looked up from the hon-

doo that he was braiding into a new lariat. "That'll be easy, father. There's a hundred and ten cows. We certainly can brand a hundred calves, eh, Percy?"

"We can beat that by five!" exclaimed Percy confidently. "Now remember, boys, the last round-up will have to show a hundred calves with our Lazy Bar E on. Ninety-nine won't do. A hundred nice calves will put us where we can see ahead. But it'll mean you boys can't take any chances with the wolves and coyotes or—the rustler that gets there first. Last year we lost eight—one too weak to fight it out, three lost in the storms and four just missing. I don't like to accuse anybody, but I've felt that, if you boys had been a little more watchful, I wouldn't have found three calves with Roarer Jones's brand following my cows when we rounded up."

Percy Stiles, a nephew from the East, who had been on the ranch a year or two, spoke up. "But those calves belonged to your cows, Uncle Dave; what difference did it make if Roarer's brand was on them? Why didn't you take the calves and have Jones arrested for rustling?"

Mr. Ellis smiled grimly. "When a calf is lost and hungry he will take up with any cow that will let him, and there are dozens of cows that make no objection. It happens that many a one comes into the round-up with twins; just about as many that should be followed by lusty youngsters have none. Every cowboy knows that, and some profit by it. The only way is to get there first and put your brand on your own calves. A clean brand counts, no matter where it's found." Mr. Ellis shouldered his shovel and strode off to tend the water running on his alfalfa.

The Lazy Bar E ranch, well kept and productive, embraced two quarter sections in the heart of the Platte Valley and was adjacent to a splendid open range. Two hundred acres of alfalfa supplied an abundance of winter feed for the four hundred head of cattle. Ten miles north in the hills where the cattle ranged during the greater part of the year was a dilapidated shack that the boys used occasionally during the summer while they tended their herds.

Ralph Ellis, fifteen years old and more than a boy in stature, had become his

father's right-hand man. So much in fact did Mr. Ellis depend upon his son that he had virtually turned over to him the entire care of the growing herd. Ralph did his work well, assisting in the fields at the lower ranch and dodging back and forth with his cousin Percy to the herds on the range. The boys had been forced every year by necessity to lose months of school; now the greater prosperity of the ranch seemed to promise better things.

Throughout the spring the three bent their energies to the work with a hearty good will. The boys were anticipating the months in school, and Mr. Ellis was anxious that the season turn out well, for besides school for the boys it would mean the wiping off of an old mortgage. Every ten days or so Ralph and Percy rode through the herd and picked out all the mother cows and drove them with the newcomers to the corral. Usually there would be several calves too young to brand, so they were left at the fenced-in pasture till the next visit. And often there was an occasional mother too old or too weak to protect her offspring from the attacks of coyotes; those the boys drove to the corral, where a small supply of hay was kept for just such emergencies, and left them until the calf was old enough to protect itself. So careful and vigilant were the boys that summer found them with more than fifty fine calves and not a single loss.

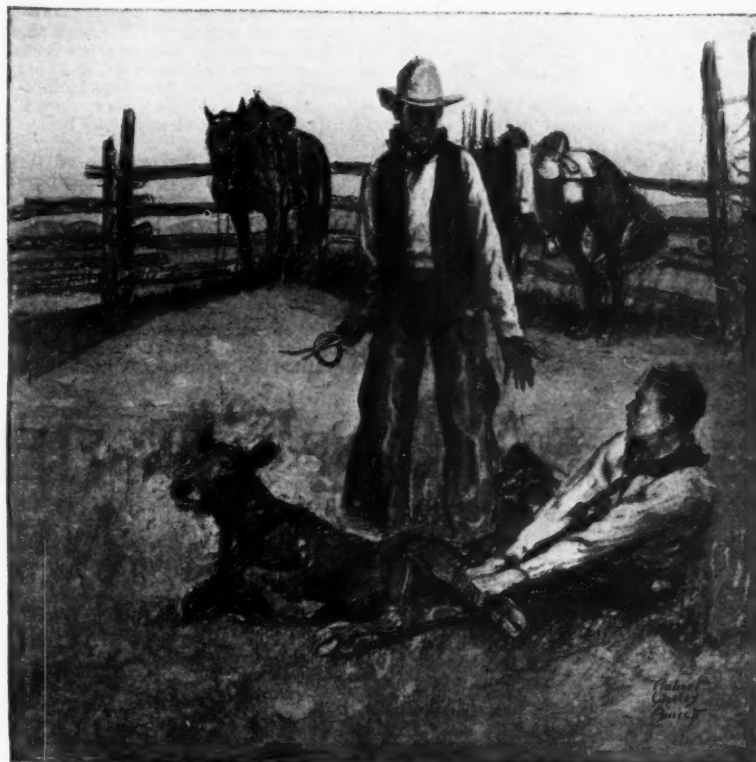
As midsummer approached both Ralph and Percy were already making plans for attending school in Sterling. Of the one hundred and ten cows, ninety-seven had calved, and ninety-five lusty calves were cavorting at their mothers' sides. Percy had found one half devoured by the coyotes, with a restless, feverish mother moving about near by. Another was trampled to death in the furious milling that took place before the maw of Devil's Blowout. Ten more calves were expected, and only five were needed to make the hundred; so there was little doubt of an even better bunch of calves than Mr. Ellis had counted on.

One day when the boys were ambling along the trail on their regular trip to the cattle Percy noticed that the white bones of the trampled calf had been newly scattered since the last trip.

"Been a coyote thrashing around in the dry bones here lately," he observed carelessly.

"More likely a dog," replied Ralph. Some whim prompted him to turn back; he dropped from the saddle and bent over the pelt. A look of surprise came over his face, and he called to his cousin: "Come here, Percy! Look at those fresh teeth marks on the smooth side. See anything peculiar?"

Percy looked carefully. "Nothing but scratches from that coyote's teeth. Why, what is it?"



"If we don't right it,
nobody ever will"

"See the width of those fang marks where they slid on the hide? That's half as wide again as any coyote's mouth."

"A wolf?" exclaimed Percy.

"A wolf and a hungry one too! He wouldn't gnaw at that stale hide if he wasn't mighty hard up for a meal. And, say, that's the first wolf to come this close to the settlements for a year. I'll tell you another thing, Percy; if that fellow had come from the north, he'd have passed our cattle; he wouldn't have been hungry when he got here. If he were going north, he'd find the cattle, and he'd be still hungry when he got there. Do you know what that means?"

There was a decided note of alarm in Ralph's voice.

The boys swung back into their saddles and urged the willing ponies to a brisk gallop. A few minutes' riding brought them to the crest of the divide that overlooked the protected flat wherein the cattle were grazing. Several cows standing dejectedly apart from the browsing herd told the story to Ralph's well-trained eyes.

"Look!" he cried. "The wolf's been here!" They dashed down the long slope toward the cattle. It was a good half mile to the creek, and the cows were some distance beyond.

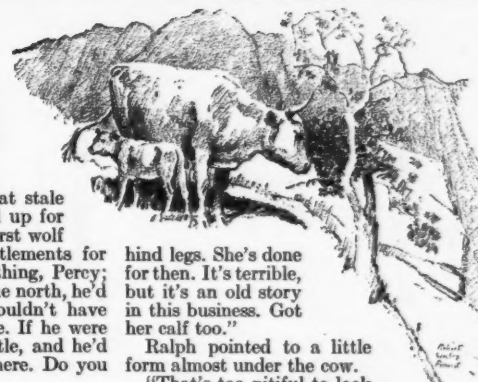
"He's been here!" Ralph cried again as they plunged along. "See those cows off there by themselves? They're guarding what's left of their calves."

It took but a minute to reach the herd. "Percy! There's been more than one wolf here! One—two—three—four—seven calves and—Great Scott! Look over there! A cow hamstrung!" shouted Ralph in bewildered amazement.

They spurred their horses to the helpless cow.

"L F cow. Glad she isn't ours," said Percy. "How in the world did they get her down?"

"It takes more than one wolf to get a cow, specially one with a calf. Three or four cut her out of the bunch and then worry her and the calf till one can snap the cords in her



hind legs. She's done for then. It's terrible, but it's an old story in this business. Got her calf too."

Ralph pointed to a little form almost under the cow.

"That's too pitiful to look at any more, Ralph. Let's go back to the others," said Percy, and they turned back to the lonely sentinels.

At the approach of the boys four of the grief-stricken mothers, bellowing madly, charged frantically round the mangled forms of their offspring. Several dashed threateningly toward the ponies, but only for a few feet; they would not desert their posts.

Ralph and Percy looked at each other in helpless dismay. Both stood in silence for several moments. Finally Ralph spoke: "One J B—one Open Box Two—five Lazy Bar E's."

Percy nodded in silence.

"I'd like to pull down my thirty-three on the gray dogs that did this!" went on Ralph in a burst of anger. "Eight of the little calves at a clip!"

Neither boy had yet spoken of what the grieveful calamity meant to them.

"Well, Percy," said Ralph at last, with a long sigh, "there's five Lazy Bar E's on the ground. I guess we both know what that means. If we lose just one of the ten others coming, it's no school for us. We haven't much show. But this won't do," he added. "You chase over to the L F and tell somebody about that cow. I'll go to the shack and get the poison to put on these carcasses. If the wolves come back, maybe we'll get one or two."

When Mr. Ellis learned of the wolves he nodded gravely. "Too bad, too bad! But



that's what we're up against. A raid or two like that takes a big slice out of the season's profits. I suppose you boys are blue, but you've got a good chance yet. Do your best."

Another week's work brought encouraging results. Four more calves came, and then four others straggled along one at a time in the next two weeks. There remained but two to make an even hundred. Ralph's poison killed three coyotes; the wolves did not return. The boys were jubilant.

The next time out Ralph made the trip alone. He found one more calf, a tiny white-faced, white-stocked creature, just born. Fearing to leave it, he lifted the struggling thing across his saddle and carried it to the homestead pasture. The mother followed anxiously.

As the boys rode along on the next trip, the last as they expected before the fall round-up, they fell to discussing their coming winter in school. Castles grew easily, and the talk went on to bright days at college. The boys went first to the homestead pasture and were alarmed to find the cow and the calf gone. But a broken gate told the story; the restless cow had escaped and gone back to the herd. With little anxiety they took the branding irons and struck out for the springs, intending to brand both calves in the open and thereby save a long trip back.

Ralph spied the new calf before they reached the scattered herd. It was a big, active fellow. "By George, isn't he a beauty!" he exclaimed. "We'll make a fire right here and get a mark on him. The little white-face is probably over on the other side of the bunch, but they'll all be here before we finish this chap."

The boys dropped their reins, and the bronchos stood immovable while their riders gathered a pile of dry chips. Presently a brisk fire was going, and soon the irons were hot. Vaulting into his saddle, Ralph singled out the new calf, gave his mount the rein and shook the kinks out of his rope while the well-trained pony cut out the victim and drove him off at a tangent. With a few lightninglike, overhead cuts of his loop Ralph shot the noose downward. When the rope grew taut the pony stopped, and the calf flopped to the ground with his hind legs caught in the noose. The pony instantly turned toward the spiral of smoke, dragging the calf behind him. Ralph leaped from his horse when they reached the fire and grabbed the victim by one bent foreleg; at the same time he turned the calf's nose up. The pony leaned on the rope. Not a sound escaped the calf till the thick, pungent smoke rolled up, and the red iron bit into his thigh.

"She's burned cherry, Percy; that's good," said Ralph.

Another minute and the branded calf was released to plunge away, followed by the anxious mother and a score of sympathizers.

"Now for little Whiteface, and the game's won!" cried Percy.

Three trips through the seven hundred cattle grazing within a mile or two, the first careless, the second anxious and the third frantic, failed to discover either the calf or his mother. Still hopeful, the boys reasoned that after the cow had broken from the pasture she had followed some stragglers up the creek. It was five miles to the next water holes with good grass near them, so the boys struck out on the gallop. There they found their cow, but there was no calf.

For a long time the boys sat looking at the cow, completely disheartened. Only two answers could be given to the question in their minds—coyotes or rustlers.

Ralph's experience solved the problem. "No coyote did that job!" he exclaimed with trembling voice. "The cow wouldn't be here. Some thief threw that calf across his saddle and made a run for it. Old Boss broke through the gate and trailed him till she tired out and lost him here."

The boy's face had slowly changed from red to white. After a moment he leaped from his saddle and pulled up the cinches. Percy saw that his hands were trembling violently.

"What's the matter, Ralph?"

"I'm going to get that calf—or the sneak that stole him! I'll find 'em both, just you see! Come on. We'll strike straight for old Jones's range."

The ponies caught the spirit of the chase and raced with each other as they went from one bunch of grazers to another on the way to the buttes. Neither boy said a word as they scanned the cattle that they passed. After half an hour's hard riding Ralph drew up with a jerk and looked twice at a calf some yards to the side.

"There he is right there, Percy—white

face and three white stockings!" cried the boy as he spurred toward the little group. "Wonder how he got clear up here. Must have got lost from his mother and took up with another cow."

"Maybe he's branded; maybe he didn't get lost," observed the less excited Percy as they rode up to the calf.

"By thunder! He is branded! He's got McLaren's mark, and he's with McLaren's cow! She's got another calf too!" Ralph was startled out of all his anger. McLaren was Ellis's best neighbor and the most religious man in the settlement.

Percy had to laugh. "Well, there's the last calf between us and next term in school, and he's got McLaren's brand on. What are we going to do about it? Mac's the hardest-headed old dunder in Logan County even if he is religious; you can't make him believe that calf ain't his."

Ralph was sober; the outcome of the affair meant everything to him. "His boys have made a mistake, that's all. Our calf got lost and followed his cow, so they took him as they found him. We'll just have to drive 'em in and explain; maybe father can fix it up."

"Don't you think it!" said Percy. "McLaren don't give things up that way. He'll swear they're twins; he'll swear his cow had quadruplets if there were four trailing her!"

"I'm afraid you're right," admitted Ralph

dejectedly as he walked his pony round the calves.

Suddenly his face wrinkled in perplexity; then it cleared. "Say, Percy, that red calf isn't branded. They sure enough did make a mistake! The whole bunch got mixed, and both calves got separated and took up with the wrong cows. Mac's men found 'em that way, slapped on his brand; then the red calf found his own mother, and now she's got two. The red's mine; I don't miss school just by this bobble." Even as he spoke his rope shot over the red calf's head. "Come on, Percy. Old Boss wants her baby."

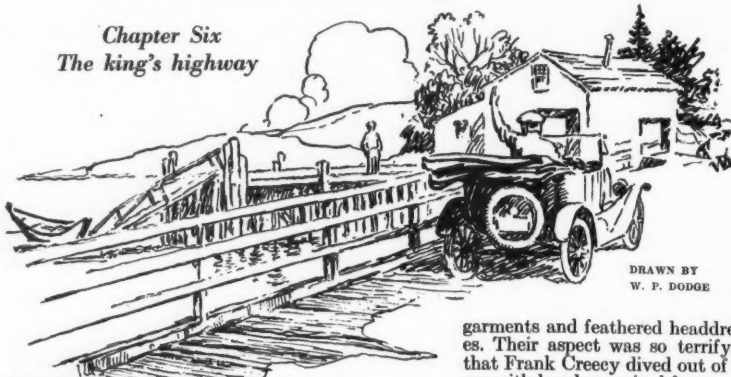
Ralph snubbed up the rope, and together the two heaved the calf on the saddle. Across the prairie they rode at a gallop and, picking up the restless cow, took them both to the old corral.

"We'll brand him, then leave 'em together a day or two. They'll be just like mother and son in twenty-four hours," said Ralph as they built the fire.

To Percy the plan seemed only fair. But just as Percy's iron scorched the hair of the calf Ralph touched his arm. "Hold on, Percy; does this look just right to you? It looks to me as if we were branding McLaren's calf after all, now that the job's about finished. I tried to think it would be only a square deal to call it ours as long as they got ours by mistake; but this doesn't seem quite like a mistake."

THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT · By Ralph D. Paine

Chapter Six The king's highway



DRAWN BY
W. P. DODGE

FRANK CREECY lost no time in calling the pageant committee together. He described his interview with the intractable Capt. John Crommett. The old "codger," he said, had been in one of his squally moods and had refused to listen to reason. It would do no good to try to persuade him. He would regret it some day, but meanwhile the damage was done. The pageant could not be delayed until after the college closed in June. And with the best of luck it meant the hardest kind of work to have it ready by the date already advertised. The predicament was hopeless, as the committee agreed after the first flurry of angry protest had subsided.

In all the town no one took the disaster more to heart than Joe Runnels. As chief of staff he had pledged himself to the cause. In his youthful lexicon there was no such word as fail. Pleading a headache, he stayed away from school. He did not wish to meet Sidney Torr. The anguish of the exiled genius would be one drop too much. Down to the river landing wandered Joe and bitterly contemplated the "No Trespass" signs. If they could kidnap Capt. John Crommett and hide him somewhere for a month—but the details were difficult to plan, and the town was too respectable to tolerate it.

Frank Creecy halted his car on the bridge. "Hi, you Joe Runnels!" he called. "Hop in and we'll go tell Hamilton Bruce that the pageant is a total loss."

"There has been a hoodoo in it," said Joseph as he jumped aboard. "I guess we ought to have sent Sid Torr away somewhere. Nothing that he gets interested in seems to have any luck."

"He was unfortunate in his choice of a father," observed Frank.

The conversation lagged. In the leafy ambush of Mr. Bruce's lane they were startled by piercing war whoops. Four young redskins came bounding out, brandishing tomahawks and wooden guns. They wore fringed

garments and feathered headdresses. Their aspect was so terrifying that Frank Creecy dived out of his car with hands upraised for mercy. Joe Runnels decided to fight for his life. It was a splendid scrimmage. The four Bruce boys were delighted. They were rehearsing for the pageant.

Hamilton Bruce's typewriter was clicking in the workshop. For once the farm seemed to be behaving itself properly; there was no need of a Joe Runnels to the rescue. The visitors briefly announced their errand to Mrs. Bruce. Alas, she did not share their disappointment and chagrin, although she politely pretended regret. Her husband's book was making almost no progress. But she felt a change of heart when her four young Indians learned that the pageant was disrupted. The twins lifted up their voices and refused to be comforted. They were for burning Capt. John Crommett at the stake.

It was even more distressing to find how unhappy the news made the big, boyish Hamilton Bruce. More and more he had become absorbed in the possibilities of the task as a joyous achievement of art for art's sake. He was unwilling to concede defeat. "I say, can't we set our wits at work?" he said to Frank Creecy. "On legal grounds this crotchety old rascal has us beaten. Any weapon is fair. Wait a minute. What about this captain John's family history? It seems to me I have heard some story from Sidney Torr of a Crommett that—"

"Hallelujah, you've got it!" shouted Frank Creecy with a laugh that rattled the windows. "Jail-bird Dick' Crommett! He died a hundred years ago, the greatest rogue that ever flourished in this part of New England. Why, there's old men today that heard their fathers tell tales of Dick Crommett. What's the idea? To resurrect him? I suspicion that's your notion, Mr. Bruce."

"To use him as a threat," explained the author. "I can easily work out a new scheme for the pageant. It will be built around 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett, and we could present it on the college campus. As a well-known historical character he will furnish lots of color and action."

"He will that," chuckled Frank Creecy. "He was in the Revolutionary War—got

"If we don't right it, nobody ever will," reasoned Percy.

"That's so; but I think I'd rather pass up school than steal a calf, for that's all it is. I'll let him up."

The boys rode in to the ranch at dusk. Mr. Ellis met them at the stable.

"Well, boys, did you make it? Did you get them both?"

Mr. Ellis waited a long time for his answer; failure sat too heavily on both boys. Finally Ralph replied: "We found them both, father. We got our brand on one; McLaren's mark is on the other."

David Ellis laughed heartily. "So you found that out? I don't wonder you came in heartsick. McLaren came over this morning and explained the joke. He said his boys found it out just as they were about to brand their own calf. They decided to trade with us to make it right, but when they went out after him this afternoon he was gone. It'll come out right, though, and you boys may count your hundred."

"Father," said Ralph after another long pause, "we—we took that calf to the old corral and—and came near branding him—but we didn't. We took him back again."

Ellis placed a strong hand tenderly on his son's shoulder. It was dark, and the face of neither could be seen. After a moment the father spoke: "I knew it, my boy, and so did McLaren. His men saw you."

flogged and drummed out of camp for stealing his comrades' shoes. That is to say, Mr. Bruce, we'll put on a piece with 'Jail-bird Dick' in it if we can't have the use of the river landing. Wow, won't I enjoy using this as a club to whack Cap'n John over the head."

"But I need Sidney Torr to fill in the details of the vagabond Dick's career," regretfully exclaimed the author. "No doubt he has it at his fingers' ends."

"You certainly have started something this time," eagerly put in Joe Runnels. "Sid can't help you because he promised he wouldn't. But I know all about 'Jail-bird Dick.' You see, he wrote a book about his life—all the jails he had broken out of and his various crimes and how he was sentenced to be hanged in Newburyport and so on. And years ago our old Cap'n John Crommett bought every last copy of the book he could lay his hands on and burned 'em. He is terrible proud of his family name. The Crommetts have always held their heads way up, let me tell you. Well, I found a copy of the book hid away in our attic, and Sid Torr and I used to sneak up there and read it on rainy days. One time when we were broke Sid and I sold it to Cap'n John for five dollars. And he chucked it in the kitchen stove while we peeked through a window."

"Joseph Runnels, I believe you are going to jack her up and yank her out again," said the grateful Hamilton Bruce. "And you can give me the high spots in the life of 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett?"

"Yes, sir—ee! It was more exciting than a Wild West show. One time he dressed up as a minister and preached an eloquent sermon in the Newmarket church. And then he put the collection in his pocket and stole the best horse and buggy in the shed and lit out into Maine. That would make a dandy scene for us."

"You had better stand by today, Joe, while I write a scenario. It must be ready for Frank Creecy to read aloud to Capt. John Crommett this evening. There are times when you must fight the devil with fire."

"And brimstone," said Frank. "You'll smell it after supper when Cap'n John gets properly warmed up over this literary effort of yours."

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Bruce drove Joe into Wingfield and left him with a manuscript in his pocket in front of Frank Creecy's house. Several members of the committee had been summoned to hear the plot unfolded. They were in a fighting mood, anxious to find ammunition. If the threat failed, they were ready to stage the escapades of 'Jail-bird Dick' in grim earnest and so square the account with Capt. John Crommett. With great gusto Frank Creecy read aloud the author's scenario. It was really a triumph of the story-teller's art.

Joe Runnels was walking home to supper when he caught sight of Sidney Torr, who was crossing a field near the river. They hailed each other and met at a stone wall a

little distance beyond Capt. John Crommett's house. It had been a long and weary day for poor Sidney. No pageant at all was much worse than to have to sit and look on.

"I guess I can peel some of that gloom off of you," blithely exclaimed Joe. "Now you just sit and listen. Did you s'pose for a minute that old Wingfield was going to curl up and quit?"

"You mean to tell me there is one single, solitary ray of hope, Joe Runnels? My father says the pageant is dead—n a last year's bird's nest. Cap'n John showed him the old deed to his piece of the river landing."

"He did, did he? Well, you can tell Mr. David Torr with my compliments, Sid, old man, that there's more'n one way to skin a skunk. Nothing personal, you understand."

Thereupon Joe revealed the method by which the tough hide of Capt. John Crommett was to be removed. As an expert in historical lore Sidney harkened with critical attention. Slowly a contented grin spread over his thin, eager face. He perceived the merit in Mr. Hamilton Bruce's handiwork.

"I could add some fancy touches to this epic of 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett, Joe, but you know how it is; I'm forbidden to get mixed up the least little bit."

"I know that, Sid, and I wouldn't coax you off your perch for anything. But what do you think of the stunt, without committing yourself?"

"What do I think? Well, you don't catch me going home to supper. I'm going to camp behind a bush in Cap'n John's side yard. The windows will be open on a warm night like this."

"Same here, Sid. That's one of your bright ideas. Frank Creecy will be along early before dark. He's all primed for action. My chores can wait."

They loitered on the hill where they could watch the bridge and the gateway in Captain John's white picket fence. His trimly kept lawn was like a green carpet. Among the beloved flower beds they spied the spare, vigorous figure of Captain John himself. He plied a hoe much as an old buccaneer would have handled a cutlass. His motto was death to every weed that dared poke its head out of the soil. The two lads on the hill watched him until he went in to supper. Sidney wore a pensive air. His sensitive soul had found something new to worry about.

"Cap'n John has always been good to us boys in spite of his firecracker temper," he said with some hesitation. "He gave more money than anybody else to help fit up our club room."

"Yes, and there isn't a more open-handed man in town when any kind of help is needed," agreed Joe. "Too bad he headed on the wrong tack this time. As my dad used to say when he spanked us, it hurts me to have to do it."

"Get out! You enjoy it," scoffed Sidney. "When it comes down to a case like this you are a regular old steam-roller. All I wish is that there was some other way to bring Cap'n John to his senses. This dragging an ancestor like that 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett out of his grave makes me sort of unhappy, Joe. He was a disgrace to good old Wingfield. I feel more sensitive about it than most folks because I've made a specialty of ancestors and so forth."

"Plain mushy, that's what you are," cried Joe. "Didn't Hamilton Bruce fix this up himself? What more do you want?"

"Mr. Bruce has a lot to learn about Wingfield," argued Sidney. "You can talk yourself black in the face, but I wish there was some other way—"

"Then find it, why don't you? Cap'n John Crommett deserves to be blown through his own roof, and Frank Creecy will certainly do that little thing."

"You know I can't help with the pageant, Joe."

"Then don't be a crab. There's some punch and self-respect left in this town, let me tell you. Here I am, trying as usual to finish something you started, and you proceed to gloom it all up. It's a pity you weren't one of your own confounded ancestors."

Sidney shook his head and loafed along the crest of the hill. Joe tagged after him until they came to a heap of yellow earth and a large hole in the ground. Instantly they were excited by memories much more recent. Here was the scene of a wonderful battle between Joe's Irish terrier and the biggest,



DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT

A line that led straight in front of the house of Capt. John Crommett

fattest woodchuck ever dug out. Through a hot summer afternoon the boys had taken turns in plying a shovel. Now they peered into the hole and reminded each other of various deeds of prowess of that dauntless terrier pup.

"I dassn't bring him into the village any more," said Joe. "What he did to pet dogs and cats was a-plenty. Remember how he made the dirt fly in this woodchuck hole until we borrowed a shovel from Cap'n John? Honest, that dog most wore his hind legs off."

"Yes, and when he struck rock he dug just as hard as ever. I never saw a dog try to scratch his way through solid granite before."

"Thoroughbred," proudly affirmed Joe Runnels. "That dog couldn't quit if he wanted to, absolutely not! We dug that rock out for him and found it was an old piece of a granite post, cut stone. I guess we must have covered it up under this pile of dirt, Sid."

"So we did," exclaimed Sidney with sudden animation. "I forgot all about that stone post. It had a date cut in it. I meant to come back and set it up against the wall. That's where it came from in the first place, I'll bet. There isn't a sign of an old family burying ground on this hill. That post meant something else. Let's find it."

They pawed the loose earth aside and disclosed the fragment of neatly squared granite. Into one face of it the stone-mason's chisel had bitten the figures "1753." Sidney stood and stared at it. Then his gaze wandered to the massive stone wall that followed the undulations of the hill. He was trying to grasp some elusive fact that he had read or heard. Joe Runnels yawned and wanted to know whether his companion were falling asleep in his tracks. Sidney's head was so filled with the legend and lore of old Wingfield that sometimes to find what he wished was like ransacking an attic.

"This was one of the posts that marked the king's highway," he announced presently with an air of conviction. "It used to be called the Mast Road 'way back in those days. The royal surveyor blazed the tallest, straightest punkin pines with the broad arrow. They were cut and hauled to the river landing. Then they floated 'em to Portsmouth. From there they were shipped to England to use as masts in the king's frigates. Yes, the old road down to the river ran right along here, Joe, and there was a ferry at the landing before the stone bridge was built about a hundred years ago."

"And then a new road was built to swing around by the bridge?" was Joe's comment.

"Yes, and if you sight along the stone wall from here, you can see just how the old king's highway used to run—for heaven's sake, Joe, do you see what I'm pointing at?"

The mystified Joseph squinted in the direction of the river landing and was dumbly respectful. He had learned that his comrade was not so crazy as he looked when one of these historical fits seized him. Their eyes followed a line that led straight in front of the house of Capt. John Crommett and through his lawn and flower gardens. Without another word Sidney charged across the hill to a wide fringe of alders. The growth concealed a few mossy boulders almost

buried in the earth. They were the only traces left of another stone wall.

"There you are, Joe! The rest of these stones have been hauled off to clear the field. Now you can see how wide the old road was between the two walls. The king's highways were always extra wide to make it easier for troops on the march."

"All right, Sid! This lecture helps to kill time. But what is there in it to get all roused up about? There's no road here now. This hill was a hayfield when my grandfather was a boy. I've heard him tell of cutting it."

"One time when my father was first selectman," continued Sidney, deaf to interruptions, "I looked over some old records in the safe in the town hall. And there was a map of the town, the roads and everything, made about 1800. Now, Joe, I must steer clear of mixing into the pageant, but I am at perfect liberty to discuss town history. My advice to you is to go head Frank Creecy off before he comes to see Cap'n John Crommett tonight."

"And tell him what, Sid?"

"For a practical man you are thick! Tell Frank to go through the town's records and maps. See if any part of the king's highway—which was public property, understand—was ever deeded to Cap'n John Crommett's family. Now, listen, Joe; is it on the level for me to drop a hint like this? Is it having anything to do with the pageant?"

"Not a thing in the world, Sid," was Joe's emphatic assurance. "It's your duty to let Frank Creecy know, he representing the board of selectmen, that he had better look into the question of what land belongs to the town of Wingfield. It's an outrage, let me tell you, if any old retired sailor with white whiskers can come along and put his picket fences and flower gardens right smack across a public road."

"Perhaps it will let 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett rest in his grave," anxiously suggested Sidney. "I'd like to keep him there. Now you be sure and let me know what happens. I can't afford to have it leak out that I had got interested in historical researches in this neighborhood."

Joe Runnels sped for the main street of the village as fast as his legs could carry him. He was fortunate enough to intercept Frank Creecy near the corner of the town hall. As a result of the confidential interview the two turned into the selectmen's office and locked the door behind them. After some time Joe emerged and hastened to find Sidney Torr and also to get some supper. Frank Creecy remained to examine musty and dusty documents until late at night. His rubicund,



genial countenance had the gratified expression of the cat that swallowed the canary.

Bright and early next morning Capt. John Crommett was enjoying the fresh air. An easterly breeze swept across his front porch, where he sniffed the salt flavor of the marshes and the sea. He appeared to be at peace with nature and with all mankind. His gait as he tramped to and fro might have been described as chipper. He had successfully defended his rights. No more rehearsals of the "pesky" pageant to disturb his domain! The town had accepted his mandate. Once shown the errors of its ways, it was a law-abiding community. Rather providential too that he, Capt. John Crommett, had stepped in to prevent Wingfield from making a ridiculous spectacle of itself. By rights he ought to be thanked for it.

From those comfortable reflections the mariner was diverted by the sight of a heavy lumber wagon rattling down the steep bit of road from the bridge embankment to the river landing. Frank Creecy was driving his big team of gray mares. A second wagon followed, and then a third. These also came from Frank's stable. He had mustered the logging outfit that he used in the woods in winter, and his crew consisted of a dozen men who shouldered axes or crowbars. Where the "No Trespass" signs stood they began to pull down one of the log houses that had been partly constructed. Expeditiously they loaded the logs upon the nearest wagon.

Capt. John Crommett looked on from his porch. His mien conveyed benevolent approval. Here, he thought, was a sample of the sober sense of Wingfield folk. They were busily carting their stuff off his property as soon as they possibly could. Already public opinion had converted the hot-headed Frank Creecy, with his insults about the advantages of a first-class funeral. Here was Frank actually coming up to the picket fence to offer his apologies.

Frank was all smiling courtesy, and he held his hat in his hand, but he turned to tell several of his men to follow him. They waited for orders while he cheerily sung out:

"Fine morning, Cap'n John. Hope you slept well. Sorry to trouble you, but we'll have to use the old road to haul all these logs out."

"The old road? What d'ye mean?" was the perplexed reply.

"Right up through here, same as all the travel used to go," demurely explained Frank. "That short cut by the bridge is steep and all tore up. It ain't fit for my teams."

"Right up through what?" loudly demanded Captain John, who perceived that he had been deceived by the calm that as we all know, is likely to precede the storm. When Frank Creecy was up to mischief he always looked as innocent as skim milk.

"Accordin' to the map in my pocket, the public road runs twenty feet from your front door, Cap'n John, and extends five rods wide. That fetches the whole of it well inside your yard. You seem to be trespassin' wholesale with all that green grass and gravel walks and fancy flower beds."

"But it belongs to me, you infernal pirate!" trumpeted the amazed seafarer. "Why, I played in this front yard when I was a baby. Of all the—"

"Don't take on, Cap'n John," was the soothing exhortation. "The town never handed over the ownership of this end of the king's highway to the Crommetts. It can't be found in the records. Last night the board of selectmen took a vote to reopen the road as far as the lane beyond your place. You're so set on upholdin' the laws against trespass that we didn't think you'd raise a mite of fuss. Don't I make myself clear, Cap'n John?"

"As clear as mud, you—you—" Captain Crommett choked. He was in danger of apoplexy. "The law is on my side. The town's title in the road lapsed long ago."

"Well, if you can prove in court that we've done wrong, the town will have to pay damages," said Frank consolingly.

"No money can pay for my lawn and my flowers!" violently declared the other. "It has taken years to make 'em what they are. Expect to bluff me, do you? Think you can make me knuckle under?"

"I hate to do it, Cap'n John, but it was voted by the selectmen." With that Frank Creecy beckoned his men. They advanced with axes. A wagon with its load of logs was waiting to pull through the front yard.

"Chop a couple of rods of that picket fence down," commanded Frank. "Clear it out of

the way and then send the teams right on through to the lane."

The axes crashed into the neatly-painted posts. Capt. John Crommett uttered one long and wonderful malediction and then rushed into the house.

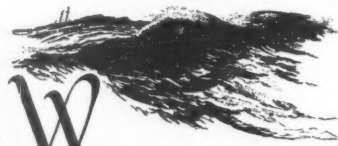
"Gone to find his firearms, I guess," calmly observed Frank. "They say he keeps 'em loaded. Chop away, boys. He's too mad to shoot straight. And this is nothin' to the chances your ancestors took."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPINDRIFT AND SMOTHER

By Winthrop Sprague Brooks

Being the first in the series *Chronicles of Adventure*



WE were foolish to attempt it, but there we were, five of us and a cook, all amateurs, with the fifty-eight-foot Gloucester-type schooner Lloyd W. Berry on our way from Brest, France, to Gibraltar—a leg on the journey to Rockland, Maine, by way of the Canaries and the West Indies. The Bay of Biscay in winter! Yes, we had heard about it from old sailing men, but even the Bay of Biscay is not always stormy.

On February 3, two days out from Brest towards Cape Finisterre, the sky became overcast, and a little breeze from the southwest dead ahead forced us to sail closehauled for the rest of the day; the wind varied more or less in force and somewhat in direction. There was a dirty sunset; the sky was partly overcast, but no rain fell. During the evening the wind increased and backed to the south, and the sea began to pile up steadily. The stars shone fitfully through brief gaps in the racing clouds, and the gaps became constantly smaller and fewer. Under the four lower sails the little vessel was beginning to souse badly and made heavy weather of it. But she was trying to do what the helmsman asked, and so we held on as long as possible and tried to hustle across that troubled bay. By midnight conditions at the wheel, to say nothing of the hammering those below were getting and a rapidly falling barometer, told us plainly that we were "up against it," and that we were unquestionably caught in the very kind of mess we had spent nearly six weeks in trying to avoid.

Things looked bad; it was not long before all hands were on deck to take in the jib and the mainsail and to bend on the trysail. What we needed most was speed, speed, speed! We had to snap round and get started before everything above decks went by the board.

On a black, stormy night such a task means prodigious labor for a brief period. There is the anxious time watching the seas until one of the smaller mountains allows you to put the helm down. The halyards and topsail sheet must run clear,—if they don't, well, you know!—and some poor

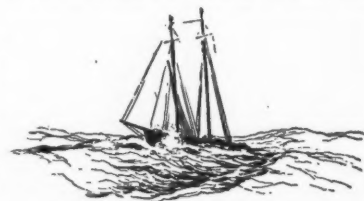


chap, pretending he is the tassel on the end of a whip lash, must man the peak downhaul, with the gaff slashing about, the vessel rolling her rails under and occasional green seas half smothering him as he is dragged and yanked everywhere except overboard. It's a nice job, even if he is husky! All the while the rest are at the canvas, clawing, bracing, fighting and shouting, thrown from this and that, now losing a grip, now regaining it, shouting to slack a trifle more on this or tauten a bit on that. Then the boom must be secured, which means more fussing with topping lift, main sheet and watch tackle, each man hanging on, but positive that his neighbor is going overside. There's no time for fancy furling, only for just stops enough to hold the bulges! Now she is hove to under the foresail in pretty good shape, and the heavy trysail is dragged from the forepeak with its patent hoops, which by a flickering lantern are slowly and with much emphatic comment bent on. Up she goes with the

sheet fast to the lee quarterbitt; then all hands except one go below to dry out and hold on in sleepless misery. One man is left to a lonely watch in the semiaqueous purgatory, hardly able to open his mouth and having nothing to do except hold to the wheel and worry.

Thus under shortened sail we ran until daylight. Each man took his two-hour watch at the wheel, and each watch recorded the gale as increasing, the sea as rising and the barometer as falling. That is what upsets you, a falling barometer and an increasing wind, for you know you are running into the eye of the disturbance, into something as intangible and mysterious as the black night itself. The stars are gone, and there is no light except the binnacle and the pearly bits of phosphorescence that hurry across the sloshing deck. Every watch was essentially the same.

As we raced along, the helmsman, steering as best he could, saw nothing on either side



except a pall of darkness with an irregular succession of vague and more or less horizontal streaks, the crumbling tops of the seas. A quick spin of the wheel would ease the little vessel over a towering wave at an angle to minimize the terrible shock and pound and thus render conditions below a trifle less intolerable. Sometimes, and far too frequently, a large sea with no warning crest or a cross sea would steal stealthily along and either give the schooner a crushing blow or break green water over the weather side. At such a moment the helmsman would hold his breath, brace himself and hang on, waiting for the water to clear, hoping that another sea would not break before the vessel was sufficiently lightened to obey the helm. Thus it went; hour after hour the helmsman sat alone on the jumping wheel-box, with five lives below depending on what he could see in the gloomy night and on how he spun the wheel according to his interpretation of the vague, fleeting shadows that came and went.

Slowly the oppressive darkness of a stormy February night lifted, and a murky gray dawn revealed great white-capped seas undulating along ominously as if they knew their almost irresistible power and merely waited gloatingly their chance to destroy. Like a ragged mountain chain in a mirage the horizon was merged in a leaden, cheerless sky; the crumbling wave summits, contrasting strangely with the dismal colors, were rivalled by the snowy whiteness of an occasional gull that, sinking in a valley of the sea, reappeared with astonishing control to rise gracefully in the teeth of the tempest. To me its immaculate breast against the heavens seemed a touch of beauty as incongruous as the first little yellow poppy I saw on the tundra of Arctic Siberia.

By ten o'clock conditions were so unfavorable that further attempts to sail were out of the question. Under the full foresail we hove to on the starboard tack with everything fit except the jib stay, which had

carried away at the cutwater. The vessel lay pretty well; the motion was simply indescribable, but was nothing to complain of under conditions that had become so desperate.

At noon the sun appeared for a few moments, and the southeast gale subsided. Having lost the steady pressure on the foresail and with the glass at 29.22, we rolled beyond our wildest imagination. Suddenly like a cannon shot the wind struck in from west-northwest with squalls ever more frequent and of hurricane force. The foresail, our only salvation, was straining frightfully. As we rushed on deck to get it down it seemed that it would surely blow out of the boltropes. We had no downhaul on the gaff, and the force of the wind made the sail as stiff as boiler plate. We had a tough time hauling and climbing up the mast hoops before it was down and stopped with the boom lashed to the deck.

Peters was at the helm as we started on a mad career to leeward under bare poles. I trust I shall never see the like again! Scudding before a winter hurricane in the Bay of Biscay in a fifty-eight footer is carrying yachting a few notches beyond the ordinary limit! The seas, already like mountains, had been whipped up to unbelievable, toppling walls so steep-sided that the slide down made us dizzy and convinced us that only one outcome was possible, and that it might arrive any minute. After brief, terrifying experiment no one could look back at those following seas and hold his nerve. We were such a tiny speck in what appeared to be the end of the world. I became quite angry with myself for having taken the trip. I admitted to myself that I was a fool, always had been a fool and was now reaping what I had sown!

But we were too busy for much philosophizing. There were several things that might enhance our waning chances, and we intended to try them all. First we threw over oil bags to quiet the waters immediately round us; we had carried five gallons of wave oil from Boston. Since we had only two regulation bags, one on each quarter, we took Griswold's bag full of soiled clothes, drenched them in oil and put the makeshift over the stern. He was forced to suffer for his vanity in owning a clothes bag! Our British guest and Diedrichs, the cook, filled the bags in the cabin. Then we fussed with a sea anchor—an arrangement requiring a prodigious amount of tying of lines and marline. The work proved to be slow and tedious, for no sooner had we made a start than the vessel was pooped,—that is, a great wave broke completely over the stern,—and the workers, deluged with icy water, found everything torn from their grasps and the oil bags tossed back on deck.

Our situation now was indeed trying, because everyone knew that ordinarily big waves run in threes, and if the next one broke before the deck was clear we were lost. Crouching under water, holding on to something, we felt the good little vessel go dead and fully expected to be washed to eternity on the next sea. But we lifted, though for a time we could see nothing except gray walls of water half-obscured by the smother of the spindrift through which we were racing.

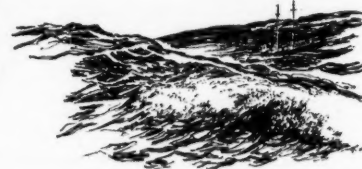
By and by—it seemed like several hundred years—while we were tearing along a steamer of some three thousand tons suddenly appeared directly to leeward. We could only steer a straight course and were lucky to shoot under her stern with fifty feet to spare! We saw one wave break over the steamer from stern to stern; then she disappeared—lost, I imagine, for she had received a terrible blow.

After the first time the Berry was pooped Forbes and I broke out the axe and maul and smashed away all the bulwark planks that we could reach. It would help the vessel another time to clear herself of water. Cases filled with gasoline for the power tender, lashed along the after bulwarks, prevented our doing a deal of good work, but we dared not leave the stuff overboard lest we put the vessel down by the head.

After the sea anchor was nearly ready I went forward, leading the line outside the starboard rigging, and took a turn round the foremast, ready to snub the line and lead it over the starboard bow chock. I was

only about thirty feet from the others, but as I stood with my elbow hooked in the jackstay on the foremast it seemed as if they were a long, long way off—dim figures toiling on the deck of another vessel. After an interminable wait for a favorable opportunity we decided that the sea anchor was impractical; it was too big a risk to bring the schooner round in such a wind and sea. You could not hold your arm against the wind, and the sea—well, a man can't describe it! So that hope was gone.

Darkness was approaching, and darkness meant the end. Peters, who had got us through thus far, could never hold her in the dark. We must either heave to before dark or founder. Having made that decision, Griswold, Forbes and I, sitting in the water, managed with nervous fingers to double-reef the foresail. Breaking seas delayed us, but we were at it again when they passed. Just before dark we got Diedrichs, our cook, to help, and at last we succeeded. Then Forbes won the admiration of all by his plucky trip aloft to recover the fore halyards



that had gone adrift and were streaming straight out to leeward. It was great stuff! Three men got on the halyards, and I stood by to keep the fore boom from fouling anything. Time was precious; darkness was gathering, and the seas were still crashing by in wicked succession. Was this final effort to save ourselves going to fail? Not by a good deal! A shriek from Peters came down the hurricane; up went the foresail without a hitch, and by the time the halyards were fast the helm was over and lashed and we were hove to on the starboard tack. We had found the one sea in a million that would permit us to round to without foundering! We all cheered and felt that we had a chance. Three hours of scudding under bare poles had taken us seventeen miles. Peters's exhibition of nerve and skill at the wheel I shall never forget. He saved us, and many a deep-sea sailing master would take off his hat to the amateur if he had been aboard the Berry for those hours.

All hands spent the evening in oilers watching the barometer and wondering whether the double-reefed foresail could possibly hold. We were unable to hoist a riding light; every attempt resulted in the lantern's immediately going out. At last we lashed it in the cabin so that it would show if anything bore down upon us; a large steamer, hove to not far away, made it clear that we did not have the ocean to ourselves.

The man on watch spent his time peering out of the scuttle, watching the sea. An occasional deluge made a waterfall down into the cabin, the floor of which was covered with heavy, slippery wave-oil, kerosene from overturned lamps and sea water. Sloshing about were clothes, blankets, food, kitchen utensils and many other odds and ends. Sleep was out of the question; food had little attraction; no one felt like writing. The account of the fracas on the log stood: "Tremendous seas and squalls of hurricane force. Air full of spindrift. Ran 17 miles SE by E; then succeeded in rounding to under double-reefed foresail at 3.40. Vessel lies comfortably if only the squalls don't blow the sail out. Cabin a wet mess."

Only the five of us can read between those lines!

The storm gradually abated; we put on more sail and in forty-eight hours were in Vigo, Spain, to dry out and get a few "nights in." Thirteen steamers and two foremast schooners had gone down in a blow that a fifty-eight-foot Gloucester-type schooner had survived.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GOSS



THE CAMP IN THE HIGH COUNTRY

By W. Edson Smith



DRAWINGS BY
W. P. DODGE

It was the kind of advance-style spring day that would make a poet want to crawl far back into his hole and cuddle down for a six-weeks' nap close to some hospitable ground hog. Seasonable weather! A great, gusty rain drove this way and that hard against the windowed walls of the city cañons, a rain that clashed into sleet every other instant and left winter lights on ledge and cornice. But Mr. Wells, the employment agent, with all that belonged to Mr. Wells, was as snug as the intimately known and widely envied bug in a rug, there in the mere crevice of an office at the corner of his particular pile of granite.

Miss Willie Carewe, who had worked in his office for several years, sat with her chin

girls end by making a bright fire for somebody! Oh, dear me, yes!"

"And while we're talking about such things," observed Mr. Wells, "let me show you what I bought for our little friend Kate, who hists our elevator up and lets it drop down so many hours a day. You see, it came out in the course of a friendly chat that was spread over many a day. Well, Kate lives with a married brother, and his wife doesn't make such a happy home for her. Gives her a room all right, but her brother is out on the road mostly, and the sister-in-law does a heap of visiting round. And I guess they don't do more than their mighty skimpy duty by her. Kate was telling me what she could do with one of these things. She has an old head for housekeeping, that little girl. She had been window shopping and picked out one that she could never, never hope to have. This is it! And here's an extra length of cord. It seems the light bracket is in an awkward place to hook on to."

"Oh—ee!" cried Willie Carewe. "An electric stove! I'm glad you got it for her. She's the most likeable young 'un!"

"What, don't you know? Why, it's—a box of—hope. You'll let me go with you when you give her this joy forever, won't you? I want to watch her eyes."

"All right!" assented Mr. Wells. Then, "What is it, please?"

The young man who had opened the door lost not an instant in making a full reply to the question. With swift accuracy he unsnapped a leather case and deftly produced something of resplendent tin. "What is it I have here? What, you ask? The wonderful Tin-Tin Lunch Box or Kamp Kit. Note that it is solidly constructed and can be used for carrying liquid refreshments after the meal. It has three other receptacles for food nested within and four tin cups—four complete outfits. These receptacles are deep enough to be used as soup plates—which reminds me that we are now giving as a premium with this combination a cake of Everlasting Evaporated Vegetable Soup, enough to serve four large and delicious portions. Simply add hot water. Some prefer—"

"How much for all of it, old man?"

"One dollar only! And—"

"Just leave it on top of my desk there. Here's your dollar."

Mr. Wells examined his purchase idly after the agent had gone. "I know what I'll do! I'm glad that chap dropped in. I'll hand this on to Joe. I was wanting to give him some small trifle, so it wouldn't look as if Kate were getting all the attention. My, my, think how good that soup would taste to you and me if we happened to be Arctic explorers and fried boots were coming up presently—after the raw fish."

"Some of that stuff is right eatable," affirmed Miss Carewe. "Let's go and make them happy, shan't we?"

"Come then. It's time for us to go to lunch anyway. Let's see how our private elevator is making out. Those six elevators on the far side have all the fun. I guess this solitary one at this corner of the building was an afterthought, but it gives our boy and girl a job apiece. Kate relieves Joe about now. She works from noon till eight this evening, you know, which makes a split trick for the boy. But for some reason—maybe because she is such a dandy little girl—he says he likes it that way. We'll catch them both like as not. It'll be an elevator 'at home.' Here, you present Joe with his Kamp Kit. He'll like it, coming from you. Here's friend Joe now. What's doing, son; how come you up on this floor?"

A friendly faced lad was Joe Girard, with just enough freckles to set off his red cheeks—little bits of brown left over from the making of two merry brown eyes and a tousled brown that had honestly tried to stay nicely combed.

"Been looking for Jim, the fixer, Mr. Wells," said the boy, showing his white teeth. "The old elevator's cuttin' up—starts and pretty near won't stop and then stops and is sulky about starting. I can't seem to locate Jim Dee, but I've left word in the office. He'll show up before long. Here's Kate, but going up. You folks are bound for down, I s'pose."

"No, we'll ride up with you and Kate, so long as we're the only ones on the up trip," replied Miss Carewe, smiling. "Good morning, Kate, dearie. Haven't you a smile for me, you old sobersides?"

The sobersides shook a curly, dark head as she slid the door shut and the car started upward. But she could not keep a jolly dimple from showing.

"Shame!" said Miss Carewe. "When Mr. Wells is just bursting with joy over the present he has for you—tucked under his arm it is. Joe, you needn't look glum. I've one for you too. Here, take it. It will do to look at later. And you're a good boy; we've liked you here."

"And I'll put your package right down here in the corner by your left foot, Kate," said Mr. Wells. "It's the look-at-later kind also. And you're just as good as Miss Carewe says Joe is. We like you for that."



A shy, soft little "Thank you" came from the girl, and then before Joe had got his thanks farther than his sparkling eyes a quickly repressed scream issued from Kate as she tried to stop the car at the top floor. It did not even slacken speed, but shot up into the gloomy recesses of the tower and came to a stop with a bone-shaking jolt as if some giant had reached out an iron hand and clutched them for their safety's sake—as indeed one had!

"Now just look what you've been and done!" remarked Mr. Wells quietly. "And right after I said you were a good girl. Look at Miss Carewe with her hat all sideways and everything! And you didn't even let it stop where we can get out! Nothing but blank wall. And see, folks, they've been making repairs to the window casings back of the elevator shaft here and have gone away to lunch and left the windows out. The wind's been veering every fifteen minutes. I suppose it wasn't blowing in at all when they went, but look at it now! We're in a blizzard! Talk about wild life! Say—" He put an arm around Joe Girard and hugged him. "You told me the other day that you never had a chance to camp out. Son, let's fix that right now. Got any string? Course you have string; every boy has string. Well, see if you can spread my raincoat across the grill in the back here and keep some of this wind and sleet out."

"Sure! We'll have as good as a tent in two shakes," promised Joe, going at his task with boyish enthusiasm. "Wish we could have a camp fire, don't you?"

"You hear that, Kate?" said Mr. Wells. "This partner of yours wants you to build a camp fire while he's making a shelter for you."

Kate stared. "But how can I—" she began. "Open your package," he interrupted her. She did so hesitantly, and then, "Oh, Mr. Wells! Such a darling, blessed stove! Is it for me—truly? Thank you! Oh, I do thank you! I've just been wanting and wanting—"

Mr. Wells had unscrewed the small electric lamp in the top of the elevator cage, leaving them in gray, chilly half darkness, for Joe was fast transforming the raincoat into a tent wall. Then he screwed the plug of the new stove into the vacant socket, and lucky it was that he had the extra length of cord!

The radiance from the stove lit up the duskiest of their nook with a soft glow. Mr. Wells looked up from where he was kneeling close to the cheery gleam and smiled at them all. Shaking hands with an occasion was a specialty with Mr. Wells.

"Turn your stool sideways on the floor close to the blaze, Joe," he advised. "Put your coat on it. There, that's right. You and Kate can't tell around any more that you've never been camping. You want to talk while Miss Carewe helps me get a simple meal. You're going to have to give notice tomorrow, Joe. Mr. Murchison's taking you away for keeps. He'll know heaps that we don't when he comes back, Kate, my dear—at least about electrical engineering."

Joe Girard's eyes widened with eager hope. Kate's eyes were wide too, but in them was something like dismay at losing a friendly comrade. Miss Carewe leaned over, however, and patted her hand lovingly.

"I think we'll have four large and delicious portions of Everlasting Soup," announced the master of ceremonies, hastily changing the subject. "We may well be grateful that it is everlasting too. I'm first cook so I don't have to do any of the hard work."

"We haven't any water," objected the second cook with sad finality.

"You've an ingrowing sense of limitation for sure, Miss Willie Carewe. But as first cook I must expect to do the thinking. Take this largest pan and reach through the grill out to the window ledge where the sleet



"I clutched the twelfth wolf and swung him high over my head."

cupped in two capable white hands, staring down at the chilly dragged street and considering whether she should go out to luncheon or eat the apple and the four big chocolates; she had looked into the larder, the far corner of the top drawer of her typewriter desk. If that sweet youngster of a Kate Harris, who ran the elevator down the hall and who loved her very much in her secret heart, had seen her then, she would have been troubled. For her nice Miss Carewe was feeling a bit solemn. The beautiful gray eyes were almost disappointed. Miss Carewe had an appetite of her own, just as she had a color of her own—a color that might well have come from the apple in the desk, it was so clean and clear. She was a good stenographer, Willie Carewe, good to look at—and good.

Her employer, in the corner by the door, swung his chair round, gave her one casual glance and then, clasping hands behind his head, spoke mournfully, apparently to the rainy day without. "Girls ain't the stuff they were in the good old days," he lamented jokingly. "Why, in the spring of '49—or was it '50?—when we was a-crossin' the plains the women folks'd think nothin' 'tall of gettin' on ahead of the wagons 'long toward supper time and mebbe cuttin' down a few cottonwoods in a creek bottom so's to have a nice hot supper for us men when we driv up. Spryer they was than now! Even when there was a heavy dew like today they'd be shoulderin' axes and hikin' on ahead."

Miss Carewe laughed a little and sighed a little. "Yes," she admitted soberly, "and I think they'll be doing the same things forever and ever. Mercy, always—always

"That's what Joe says now, though he didn't want a girl to take the other elevator shaft. Remember how grumpy the kid was? He's not that way any more. But isn't this a jim-dandy? Has radiant thingums around it to warm a fellow, and they shine pretty too, like a fireplace. And while you're being warmed and shined you can bake your pancakes and boil your water for the chocolate on the top plate. My Kate girl told me all its good qualities without stopping. Girls will talk, you know."

"It's a darling!" Miss Carewe was investigating and appreciating. "And, and—I guess I'm a little ashamed. I haven't been loving my neighbor so much as you have. I didn't know our Kate wasn't having a good home time. But I'll make up for it."

"Sure," said Mr. Wells, nodding casually, "you'll need to cheer her up—with Joe gone."

"Joe? What do you mean? Where?"

"Got Murchison to take him. Five years with a big electrical engineer and with the chance to study he's to have—why, he'll be a man's man!"

"Have you told him yet?"

"Tending to it right away—unless you beat me to it. But poor Kate! They're going to put on an elderly man in the boy's place too. He can't play hop-scotch in the halls to pass a dull minute."

"Never you mind, I'm taking Kate under my wing. I've been selfish—when I haven't anyone to claim me in this whole big town. So Kate is to be my charge these next years. If I'm not wise enough for anything else, at least I'll help her start a nice hope box."

"And what's a hope box?"

has drifted. You can easily scoop up enough to fill the pan."

Willie Carewe clapped her hands. "Good!" she exclaimed. "It says on the box the stove is guaranteed to boil water in five minutes. It ought to boil sleet in ten."

"Hear the rain, Joe! O-o-o-o Kate, just hear the rain! If I had a twenty-five cent Christmas tree in the corner here by me, I could shut my eyes and dream a whole hill full of wet pines. And, my, only an elevator; any time we want an outing we'll take the elevator, won't we, folks?"

"Give me your knife," requested Miss Carewe busily, "so I can cut this cake of soup fine. It'll dissolve faster."

"And here's a lead pencil to stir it with," offered Mr. Wells generously.

"I dare say these things are pretty clean?" said the second cook when dinner was all but served.

"Absolutely, Miss Willie Carewe. I feel sure that this wonderful Kamp Kit is constructed by contented employees in correctly cared-for surroundings. Let's chance it.

Smells bully! Where's that tin cup? Now, Kate—Willie—Joe! We're going to have lunch. We regret that you have to drink your soup, but it can't be helped. Here's our last meal together in the old, upland camp."

Afterwards there came a long silence unbroken save for the drumming of showers and the slap of the wet raincoat in an occasional flurry of wind. Mr. Wells removed his coat, making a comfortable seat by the glow for Miss Carewe and himself; he asked pardon for his shirt sleeves. "I shall tell you a story," he announced sociably.

"Oh, do!" pleaded the lady by his side, smiling at the boy and girl opposite. "Deary me! That was really, truly good soup! I was all ready for it. Go on, make it exciting."

"I think it was the winter of '51," began Mr. Wells. "Me'n my partner, Peaceful Jones, was comin' down Great Pic Cañon in a bobsled drawn by three span of spirited Arabs. Peaceful had worked too hard the previous day and lay in the bottom of the

sled, unable to stir. Suddenly a wailing, terrible, blood-curdling cry came from the far side of the river. Starving timber wolves rushed across the ice. We counted them as they came, twelve black bodies against the silver of the frozen stream. Twelve! Twelve ferocious furies! Ah, shall I ever forget those malignant eyes, those gnashing fangs? Soon they were leaping up at us. The oxen were galloping wildly. We had no weapons. With a strength born of desperation I reached out far over the end of the plunging sled, seized a gaunt wolf by the throat, choked it into insensibility and flung it to the raging snarling pack. In an instant it was devoured, and the slavering red jowls were as close as ever. Again and again I repeated the daring deed, unconscious of my own heroism. One more turn of the road and we would be past Tall Bluff, and the lumberjacks would come pouring forth to save us. I clutched the twelfth wolf and swung him high over my head. 'Pardner,' groaned Peaceful, 'pardner, that's the last wolf ye have to throw. An' it's all of a mile yet, all of a mile, son! You've

friends back yonder in the States; I'm a wuthless critter. Heave me over next—an' luck go with ye, pardner mine."

"Why, why," objected Kate, round-eyed and marvelling, "you said there were only twelve—"

"Never mind, honey!" Miss Carewe smiled at her and at Mr. Wells impartially. "He's so happy to be out camping that he isn't quite responsible, now is he? And I don't blame him; I'm happy, too!"

"Hello inside!" came a voice from above.

"Lo, Jimmy," answered Mr. Wells and added sorrowfully, "Huh! Joe, old man, it's tough but we're rescued!"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Wells? Say, work that controller now, will you? I guess we've put things all right again."

Mr. Wells sighed and got to his feet unwillingly. He paused to peer out past the tail of the raincoat to get one last whiff of wetness, a last glimpse of clouded skies. "Gather up the tinware, girls," he commanded. "That's what girls are for. Going down!"

SHAMPOOING SEÑOR SANTOS By Charles Tenney Jackson



HE big gray motor car of the Casa Montana Construction Company was drawn up before the door of the little branch bank in Matadero. Under young Grady Easton's watchful eye as he sat in the driver's seat the bank manager had just put nearly three hundred pounds of coin—silver dollars, "Mex"—and also a dozen bundles of small paper currency into the strongbox of the automobile. Harry Finney, the chauffeur, came down the steps and looked up the dusty, rough street, and Grady slid over to his own seat. The bank manager waved a languid parting as Finney inspected his motor for the seventy-mile run up the Sinaloa coast, where Grady's father was bossing the job of rebuilding the long railway viaduct that after years of Mexican disorder and revolution would restore communication between Mazatlan and Guaymas.

"Where's Juan and Jim Mariano?" asked Grady.

"They're comin'." Finney pulled down the hood of the motor and slid in behind the wheel. "They met old Santos up in the plaza; the old skunk was buyin' them a drink in Ramos's wine shop, and I made 'em break away."

Grady nodded. The two pay-car guards were crossing from the narrow paved way into the glare of the sun. Juan was still rubbing his moustache when he picked up his stocky rifle and climbed into the rear seat. Jim Mariano was grinning. He took his seat on the pay-roll box and slung his rifle across his knees. The half dozen big-hatted peon idlers in front of Ramos's dirty shop looked stolidly at the car as it battered over the cobbles out past the straggling adobe houses and began to climb the rough, boulder-strewn trail that passed for a road to the high Sierra.

"Señor Santos is still sore on us for chasin' him out of camp," said Grady.

"He made the big talk, Señor Easton—much big, much big!" shouted Juan. "Never on his honor as a capitan of Villa's Dorados was he treated so, he say!"

"He might have got worse than that," Grady answered, "if we had been out to make the old man trouble. Just wanted him off our job where he couldn't skin our men out of half their pay and make trouble generally with the *aguardiente* poison he kept runnin' into camp."

Finney, the driver, laughed with the two trusted pay-roll guards. Old Santos had shown up when Easton, the contractor, first started grading for the cut-off bridge and had demanded a job on the strength of his ability to get labor and manage it for the company. As a padrone he failed in his promises; as a gang foreman he was no good; and, strutting about in his faded, gaudy old military uniform and boasting of his past deeds and his

abilities, he finally landed in the only position that he was fit for—camp barber. Inside of a month the company forced him out of that when they found that his shack was a centre of crooked gaming and insubordination.

"That's all he ever was anyhow," said Finney, "a barber over in Durango, and he tried to have us believe he was captain of Villa's own body guard and the boldest and worst of the bunch! Even the water boys got to know he was a faker and a blowhard. Why, the hardest scrape he ever saw was tryin' to get two weeks' whiskers off my chin!"

The car climbed past the last straggling village on its swing round the west face of the coast foothills. Glimpses of the misty Pacific appeared between brown, sere slopes where the arroyos opened out to wider valleys, and presently the sun beat down on the travelers in the midst of a rocky plateau, over which the car crawled with slow caution. Eighteen miles across the mesa and the road dipped down again to pass under the frowning El Gato, a promontory that forced the motor car out to the sand dunes locking a great cove that stretched northward. But once round El Gato the way to Easton's camp lay up through the hills, across the mesas and down once more to the present northern terminus of the railway. As soon as the American contractors closed that gap there would be no need for the rough coast detour; but the pay-roll money, shipped from Mexico City, had now to be transported once a month in charge of Grady Easton, his trusted driver and the two faithful guards furnished by the district authorities from the *Rurales*, or district police.

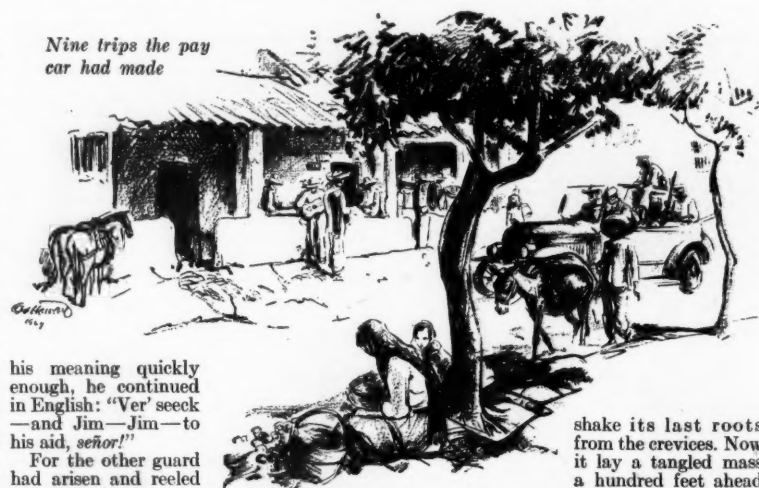
Nine trips the pay car had made down to the railway terminus and back, loaded with the silver and small bills with which to pay the peons, and never once had Grady's guards so much as had their suspicions aroused. The money was transported in an iron chest made purposely heavy so that no successful robber could carry it away intact.

It was always locked by the branch bank officials, and the only other key was in the pocket of Grady's father. It was a little traveling safe in fact, carried in the tonneau of the car, with a guard of sharpshooters watching the roads.

Two hours later young Grady Easton, sitting sleepily back on the cushions by the driver's side, saw the cañon down which the trail ran to the coast promontory of El Gato. Scrub oaks clung to either side of the rocky slopes, and beyond the opening the white surf line of the ocean twinkled through the sun haze. The car was crossing a dry creek bed in the sand when Grady felt a touch on his arm. He turned to see Juan's face, gray and haggard, almost upon his shoulder. "Hi!" Grady yelled. "What's the matter, sick?"

"Si, Señor," Juan gasped stupidly, and then, as if fearing that the American would not understand

Nine trips the pay car had made



his meaning quickly enough, he continued in English: "Ver' seack—and Jim—Jim—to his aid, señor!"

For the other guard had arisen and reeled over the side of the car to stumble among the rocks and lie twisting in agony.

"Stop her, Harry!" Grady cried. "What's the matter? Two of you sick?"

The driver gave one startled look and stopped. Grady was back at the half-conscious Jim Mariano. Juan leaned over the front seat, muttering. Finney leaped out and ran back to Grady and the delirious guard.

"Doped!" he yelled. "Sure as anything—in Ramos's dirty hangout! Say—"

"Santos," murmured Juan dully. "Ver' little we drink, señores! One—two of the wine. Suddenly I felt badly—poisoned, señores!"

Jim Mariano could not answer at all. Grady shook him excitedly. The big west coast driver stood up and looked round swiftly. "Whatever they handed the boys struck 'em quick and hard—looked like it was some stuff timed to do 'em up after we were out a couple of hours, Grady! Do you think—"

"Get Jim back in the car!" shouted Grady. "They can't lie here in the sun. Load 'em in and hit for camp!"

They lifted the young Mexican and shoved him into the tonneau. Juan had collapsed piteously upon the treasure chest. Then Grady jumped for his seat. "Hit her up, Harry! We can't do a thing for 'em here. What'd Santos dope 'em for? He had nothin' against Juan and Jim Mariano!"

Then he saw the veteran driver's face expressionless, but fixed on the frowning rock wall of El Gato ahead. On the left side lay the sand dunes with the beach beyond and then the rollers of the Pacific. Without a word Finney forced the big car swiftly onward. As it bumped round the first great slide of boulders from the cliff the driver suddenly stopped and pointed.

"I tell you this looks funny. That big oak is down in the road at last!"

"Say, it is!" whispered Grady. "Well, you've got to take to the sand and go round it. Wait; maybe you can pass inside on the rock!"

Season after season the old dead oak had clung above the road, and always the two had speculated when the Pacific winds would

shake its last roots from the crevices. Now it lay a tangled mass a hundred feet ahead at the turn. As Grady

jumped out and hurried on to look more closely he heard Finney shake out his revolver and then shout:

"See if I can pass that tree! Quick, Grady!"

"You'll never make it!" cried Grady.

He was halfway to the obstruction now, measuring the space left on the pebble-strewn slope by the sheer rock wall, when he heard another yell behind him. Instantly he turned. The driver was standing up, revolver in hand, staring at the boulders near the foot of the cliff. And now Grady saw a figure moving there and then two others skulking among the mesquite.

"Hold-up!" he gasped and turned to dash for the car.

Two sounds blurred together, a rifle shot and the roar of the motor. Finney had dropped to his seat and turned the automobile off the trail square into the sand dunes! Grady was so intent on watching the desperate chance at escape and the three wide-hatted outlaws scrambling over the rock slope to fire at the car that he didn't notice a fourth, who stepped out near the oak and yelled at him.

"Alta!" shouted the bandit and whirled his rifle up.

But Grady sprang sideways as the bullet pinged into the dunes behind him; then he dodged into the lupines growing in the sand. He guessed that Finney was trying to charge through the heavy, impeding sand out to the wet beach strip; once there on that hard-packed surface stretching for miles round the point of El Gato and into the bay northward, he could move at high speed. Bending over, gasping and dodging in the grass and lupines, Grady heard his own pursuer shouting and firing, but he heard also the roar of the big motor and the howls of the other bandits. He realized it all now—the "doped" liquor of which the two guards had foolishly imbibed with the amiable braggart Santos and the tree felled just where the car would be forced into the sand; the robbers had reasoned that it would be stalled and helpless with the two guards half unconscious and Finney busy with the wheel. But what made Grady furious was that he had left

DRAWINGS BY
O. F. HOWARD



his belt with his automatic pistol on the seat of the car; he had unbuckled it because it had chafed him in the jolting.

Now with the sound of the struggling car still in his ears he dodged and circled northward among the dunes. Apparently the bandits had not expected Finney's bold dash for the beach. Three of them were running and shooting in pursuit. And one thing perhaps they did not know, and that was that the pay car was armored below its stream-line for just such an emergency; the driver, crouched under the side, had a steel plate to protect all of him except his head.

Grady let out an exultant yell when he broke through the dunes to the harder sand. Finney had reached the beach! The big car was circling fairly in the shoal ripples and then gathering speed to dash up the shore past El Gato. Grady ran straight out to a drift log that he saw in the shallows. The driver would have to pass that, and he himself could get aboard. The bandits were scattered behind in the dunes hopelessly distanced.

As the car came up the beach one outlaw, the fellow who had sought the contractor's son, knelt on a dune. Grady saw him waiting deliberately. The machine would have to pass him not two hundred yards away.

The big car was just opposite when the bandit fired deliberately—once, twice, three times. At first Grady thought no bullet had taken effect; then with sinking heart he saw the automobile swerve, dodge uncertainly and then slide in a circle out into the shallow ripples of the incoming tide and stop.

The contractor's son groaned and crouched lower under the drift log. "He got him! Harry's killed!"

He peered at the gray car out in the hot sunshine. The three bandits were coming over the dunes to join the other. One was the short, stolid figure of the barber of Casa Montana; the others were younger. They called to the hapless men in the pay car and then gathered about it. Grady saw Juan creep out and sit in the sand. The outlaws assisted Jim Mariano from the rear seat. And then to Grady's relief Finney climbed out and stood in the row of prisoners. Apparently he was shot in the shoulder. Grady heard a bitter altercation between him and old Santos.

Three of the outlaws turned to the car, leaving one to watch the disarmed men. They dragged the heavy treasure chest out and dropped it on the wet sand. Grady thought they would have a hard time opening it unless they carried cold chisels or explosives and knew how to use them. Old Santos seemed busily explaining something to his three subordinates. They dragged the chest ten yards from the car and examined it. Then two of the bandits ordered the three prisoners back to the shade of the first oak scrub on the edge of the dunes, made them sit down and then seated themselves on guard. Apparently the two young Mexican *Rurales* were slowly recovering from their deathly stupor, but they still seemed half paralyzed. Harry Finney sat grimly apart, nursing his shattered right arm. One of the guards aided him to bind it up and then went up the arroyo where the bandits' four horses were waiting.

Grady looked hopelessly up and down the beach. The tide was coming in over the broad shoals, and now almost at his heels a long dirty yellow line of foam was being pushed in over the sands. It was a phenomenon that he had often seen in the sheltered coves on windless days. Owing either to oil traces or to off-shore kelp beds the breakers far out on the sands beat up a froth of bubbles that would be wafted on with the first ripples until it reached the flood-tide line. The foam crept to Grady's drift log and edged in close to the car a hundred yards down the beach—a mass of dirty, iridescent froth expiring and quivering in the sun. Presently as the gentle ripples softened the sand under Grady's body the fluffy, noiseless barrier was all round him, and the line of it streaming landward hid the group down the shore from his sight. He crept after it and occasionally thrust his head through the opaque froth to watch them.

"They've got the tools from the car to hammer at the hinges," he muttered. "They'll have a job! Now one's gone back; perhaps they've got some better tools with their horses hid up in the arroyo. That thief

Santos would know how the money is carried!"

The outlaws apparently did not fear the man who had escaped; it would be many hours ere he could give an alarm. So old Santos and a younger peon continued to hammer and work at the iron box.

The long, wavering foam drift was not ten yards from the motor car now. The crest of it, two feet high in spots, obscured Grady's view. So with an anxious glance at the sky he crawled behind it. A breath of wind would scatter the oily froth in tatters along the shoals. Thrusting his head into the crinkling stuff, he crept through its three-foot breadth. The sounds of hammering grew plainer. Grady knew that he couldn't get back to his log refuge now if he wanted to, for the prisoners' guard, standing well above them on the dunes, could surely see over the silent, moving barrier.

Then with his chin nesting in the shallow water under the foam Grady noticed something that made his heart leap with a sudden, desperate thought. He was not thirty yards from the car, and against its running board stood the three rifles of the looters, and the guns of Juan and Jim Mariano were sticking above the armored side! Old Santos was astride the chest, and the peon was fat by its side, holding a chisel that the barber was hammering against the brass hinges. Grady was now nearer the armored car and its arsenal than they were!

"Well, if it ain't a chance!" he breathed.

"Fellow up on the dunes only one with a gun—and there are five loaded in the car! I'm not afraid of their side arms, once I land in that machine!"

He humped his back and wormed stealthily along the barrier of bubbles. Ten yards and he was opposite the outlaws; five more and he had passed them; the foam line was clear against the hind tire of the car.

He plunged under the car, dodged his head round the gear and grasped the rifles stacked against the farther running board. He dragged them all back, rose silently and thrust them into the tonneau. Then with wisps of shining sea foam clinging to his head and shoulders he sprang boldly over the side.

A cry on the dunes told him that the guard had discovered him. Santos turned his broad, swarthy face—and looked into Jim Mariano's automatic rifle pointing over the side of the armored car fifteen yards away.

"Santos! Hands up there!" yelled Grady. Then to show them that he meant business he shifted the rifle and fired a shot at the fellow on the dunes. The bullet tore through the bandit's hat, and he didn't wait for more. With a howl he dashed for the rocks by the cliff, leaving the three amazed prisoners to stare at old Santos and the younger man, who rose beside the pay chest. Santos's hands were up; so were those of the other. Three rifles sticking up from the car side and one in Grady's hands were odds too long for men out in the open with nothing except revolvers to defend themselves with!

"Juan!" yelled Grady. "Come down behind these fellows and take their pistols!"

Juan limped down from the dunes. Behind him up the arroyo they heard shouts. Grady shifted his rifle and poured three shots in that direction, then covered his men again. Jim Mariano and the wounded driver came down where the prisoners were standing.

"They broke my arm," complained Finney. "I never saw the fellow that potted me. The wheel went out of control, and the car headed for the Pacific Ocean. So I concluded we were dished. Grady, how did you get up to the car? It just flabbergasted me to see you rise up and crack loose at that fellow who was guardin' us! I can't see yet—"

Grady picked some fluffy, yellow stuff as thick as dried soapuds out of his hair. "I came in on the tide, you might say!"

As old Santos climbed into the car beside the other prisoner he stared stupidly at the dissolving line of sea foam up and down the beach. Juan and Jim Mariano laughed weakly and prodded the ex-barber with the muzzles of their rifles to make him move over. The old fellow muttered and rubbed his chin.

"You'll have to run the car to camp, Grady," said the driver. "I've got a bad arm, but I'm sure happy. Santos, you old thief, this stuff that beat you looks like the soapuds you used to lather us with up at the camp; only this time it was the barber who got the shampoo!"



A battle of brawn—fought to the finish!

What army tests found out about Keds



An Athletic-Trim Keds Model

Keds with athletic-trim come in various styles—lace-to-heel and lace-to-heel, black, brown and grey trim.



A Keds Oxford

One of the many Keds styles designed for general wear as well as for sports.



A Keds Model with Crepe Sole

Crepe Sole Keds are distinguished by springy lightness, ground-grip and long wear.

KEDS are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

Sports—games—athletics of every kind—they are a part of the regular "day's work" for the men in the army. Naturally, the army demands athletic shoes that are built right—and built to stand the hardest wear.

Here's the interesting report of tests made at an Army Post, with Keds:

"One pair was worn regularly for 12 hours every day (except Sundays and holidays) during a period of 5 weeks in all conditions of weather and service. This pair shows little wear and appears capable of withstanding at least an additional month of similar usage.

"One pair was given a general test for sport (mass games, and physical training, etc.). These shoes were turned in at the end of six weeks and showed practically no wear.

"Three pairs were in use five months for tennis, golf, walking, etc., and are still in good condition. One of these pairs was subjected to a wading test in salt water (a severe test) and no deterioration was noticed from such exposure."

Records like these help to explain why Keds are the standard shoes for sports and athletic use today. Leading players and championship teams everywhere are wearing them. They're built to give the maximum of speed, ground-grip and comfort.

Keds, of course, are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

It is important to remember that not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. It will pay you to look for the name Keds!

Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, is in the 1924 Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. 634, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

Keds 

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INTERNATIONAL



Lieut. Lowell Smith

FACT AND COMMENT

NOT NECESSARILY what you can do best, but always the best you can do.

Sweet is the Summer Day; and full of Song And Mirth, the Winter Night; and both are long.

ONE PRACTICAL WAY to support your ideals is to support the men who most nearly represent them.

"SHEEP TRACKS" running horizontally along the face of steep slopes, a Danish geologist says, are a natural formation. He calls the little paths "terraces" and says they begin as a succession of horizontal cracks in the loose earth caused by the settling of the earth to a more stable position. Once the crack is started the action of the rain causes the marking to become rapidly more distinct, and it soon resembles a path made by animals. Sheep and other animals naturally use the paths, but they do not begin them.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI wild-life and fish-refuge bill was passed by Congress and, having been approved by the President, became law on June 7. The act authorizes the purchase of three hundred thousand acres of swamp and low lands along the Mississippi River between Rock Island, Illinois, and Wabasha, Minnesota, at a price not to exceed \$1,500,000. But the act carries no appropriation, and so the lands will remain for a while in the hands of private owners. Farmers along that stretch of river are curious to know what the government intends.

"NELLY BLY" in 1889 made a trip round the world in seventy-two days. Since then many another globe-trotter has beaten her "record." In 1913 a New York newspaper man got round the world in a little less than thirty-six days. In London recently an aerial transportation company announced that it would presently organize a round-the-world service on a seventeen-day schedule. The proposed route is: London to Paris to Constantinople, by aeroplane; to Australia, by airship; to San Francisco, by airship; to New York, by aeroplane; to London, by airship.

ON LAKE NEMI a few miles from Rome the Emperor Tiberius had a pleasure barge, or floating palace, of a size that surpassed any other vessel of ancient times. Magnificent itself, it contained treasures of art from every corner of the Roman Empire and is believed still to contain most of them where it lies buried in the mud at the bottom of the lake. The Italian government now purposes to raise the barge or to get at it by draining the lake. It believes that there is a good chance of recovering objects of art that would make even the treasures of the tomb of Tutankhamun appear insignificant.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

THE conference of the Allies at London met under more hopeful auspices than had attended any of the earlier conferences. The political difficulties seemed to have been in large measure overcome. Mr. MacDonald, the British premier, and M. Herriot, the French premier, were personally sympathetic, and neither represented the jealously nationalistic party in his own country. Everyone was inclined to accept the Dawes plan, which offers a financially practicable way out of the reparation tangle. The

United States sat at the conference board—unofficially but, as all believed, in a helpful mood. There was good promise of getting somewhere at last.

Whether the final issue of the conference will correspond with its first promise we cannot at the moment of writing tell, for hardly had the sessions begun when the same old spectre appeared at the board. Who should have the authority to decide whether the Germans were keeping their part of the Dawes bargain? And if they did not keep it, should any single power—which means France of course—have the right to take steps to collect its own share of the reparations?

There was this difference, however; it was no longer the premiers of France and Great Britain that were at odds; it was the great bankers—many of them Americans—that stood in the way of the French policy. It will be their duty to find the money for the loan to Germany that according to the Dawes plan is to stabilize its currency and to finance the first steps in the process of reparation. They declared that they could not sell the loan to the investing public if the politically controlled Reparations Commission retained its authority over the situation and if France or any other nation could step in and divert German money from the payment of interest on the loan to any other purpose. They wanted a single administrator—presumably an American—in place of the Reparations Commission, and they wanted the holders of the new bonds to have the first claim on German assets.

As a matter of course the French objected. M. Herriot, anxious as he is to get the whole troublesome question settled, did not dare to yield everything to the bankers. The British government and the financiers may persist in regarding the German problem as one of economics; to the French it is something different. It is to them essentially political. They mean to have security for the reparation payments and security from German aggression. They saw in the bankers' proposals a scheme for building up German prosperity and creating profitable investments for British and American capital, all at the expense of France.

By the time this article comes to be read the conference may have failed, or, what is more likely, may have reached a compromise. The bankers, who are trying to compel a settlement of the question on their own terms as money lenders, may be led to see that a great people with all the national and military traditions of a thousand years cannot be treated like a needy business man. But the French rather than isolate themselves from their late associates in war may agree to substantial concessions. We hope they will, for, if the Dawes plan fails, there is no other peaceful settlement of European affairs in sight. But, whatever practical measures the conference agrees upon, it is pretty sure to be a disappointment so far as creating a better spirit among France, Great Britain and the United States. Our own government holds aloof, but the French believe that the American bankers had at least the approval of our government in their attitude, and that attitude they think disregardful of French necessities and French rights. It is a crisis where a great diplomat might do inestimable service to the world. But diplomacy everywhere seems bankrupt.

THE AVIATORS RETURN

ALTHOUGH as we write the three American aviators who have been flying round the world have not yet felt American soil under their landing gear again, they are so near home that they seem sure successfully to complete their long trip. It has been an epoch-making flight. These three young fellows are the Magellans of the air, for they are the first—if we may coin the word—to circumnavigate the earth. They have proved what it is possible to do with the modern aeroplane, and at the same time they have learned how hard it is to do it. Lieutenant Smith expressed the conclusions of the group when he said, "It has been a great trip. I wouldn't have missed making it for a million dollars—and I wouldn't make another for a million dollars!"

The oceans are still the perilous places for the aviator. The American party did not venture to cross the Pacific from California direct to Japan. The danger from storms, the inability to get the proper amount of sleep and rest during the long trip, the uncertainty of successful landing and riding on the open sea and the helplessness that would beset the aviator with a broken or refractory engine

thousands of miles from land made that experiment too hazardous. But in flying round by Alaska and the Aleutian islands they encountered the most discouraging sort of weather, lost weeks of time and had to part with one of their number whose plane was wrecked in a fog.

The storm belt of the China Sea gave them some trouble too, but they flavored their daring with caution and good sense and came through safe. Once ashore in India their real difficulties were over. The flight from Karachi to London was made with great dispatch and entire smoothness.

The trip has shown that it is possible to fly anywhere over the surface of the earth, but it has emphasized the danger that still lurks in the storms that sweep the sea, especially in the cold and inhospitable region near the Arctic Circle. We shall have to make a good many improvements in our aeroplanes before a trip round the world becomes anything but an exciting and rather desperate adventure, possible only to young and rugged men who have plenty of courage and resourcefulness and plenty of time. It took the American party some five months to make the circuit of the globe. And they found it necessary to replace their engines two or three times. They might have come through with the same engines they started with, but they didn't like to take the risk. So an aeroplane trip round the world is a slow, expensive, trying and unquestionably dangerous undertaking, which, as things are now, few persons will wish to attempt. But we are glad that American aviators were the first to succeed in it.

WHEELS

OF all mechanical inventions it seems as if the wheel were the simplest, the most ingenious and on the whole the most likely to advance the progress of humanity.

Locomotion is at present among the first necessities of life. Think what it must have meant to have it so enormously facilitated! The primitive man doubtless conveyed his children and his household goods upon a beast of burden or invented a rude drag to transport the heavier and more bulky materials and was indeed delighted when a stream and a raft or a hollowed log would help him out. Perhaps he moved great weights on rollers clumsily transferred from rear to front as he progressed. Then indolence and ingenuity together suggested the first awkward wheel, and friction was enormously reduced, and speed was vastly multiplied.

That was long ago, and wheels have always continued among the first essentials of men's lives. They used sails when they could, and snow sometimes afforded them the facility of runners; but in the main they traded on wheels, fought on wheels, traveled on wheels, moved on wheels, to gratify love or hate or hope or the mere desire of diversion.

Then steam came and intensified the locomotive habit, as well as other habits, enormously; but chiefly it all came back to wheels. Even progress in the air and in the water depends upon revolutions that suggest the wheel as fundamental. And it sometimes seems as if our whole modern civilization were a matter of wheels, till, if you reflect upon it, it almost reaches the point of wheels in our heads. Our factories? Wheels, wheels, wheels—buzzing, purring, whirling, little wheels and big wheels, noisy wheels and silent wheels. And out on our streets one perpetual passage of swift wheels, dizzying in their multiplicity and their velocity. And all looking back to that one crude, clumsy contrivance, which perhaps the inventor regarded with prophetic triumph, but which more likely he tossed off between breakfast and dinner as a mere convenience in getting a load of acorns.

Wheels and speed, and more wheels and more speed! Henry Adams thought that acceleration was the characteristic of the twentieth century. We move and live and think on wheels—when we think at all. Let us hope that they will finally rotate us into happiness and virtue.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS

NOWADAYS excellence in athletic sports is one of the surest titles to fame. Thousands of people who could not for the life of them tell you who is the President of France or repeat the names of President Coolidge's cabinet, who think that Richard Strauss writes nothing except

waltzes and who would be puzzled to say what Ernest Rutherford had ever done to make himself remembered are entirely familiar with the names and the exploits of Tyrus Cobb, Suzanne Lenglen and "Bobby" Jones. Many a college is more widely—and sometimes more justly—famed for its crews or its football teams than for its scholars or for the integrity of its intellectual purpose.

So Finland, the little country up among the lakes and forests to the eastward of the Baltic Sea, is advertised to the favorable attention of the world by the remarkable proficiency of its athletes. Probably you did not know that Kaarlo Stahlberg is President of Finland, that Saarinen is one of the greatest architects in the world, that Palmgren is a wonderful pianist and Sibelius a composer of genius; but you do know that Nurmi and Ritola and Steenroos are wonderful runners, and that the Finnish team at the Olympics easily surpassed every other national group except our own.

The Finns are a most interesting people—not numerous, for there are less than four millions of them, and not rich, for their country has an indifferent soil and no great industries; but they are a healthy and hardy race, living mostly on farms or among the forests, where their work is largely out of doors, in a cold and bracing climate that encourages every kind of physical activity. The schools are good, and the people are ambitious to attend them. Less than one per cent of the population is illiterate, whereas in Russia, to which until 1918 Finland was subject, nearly seventy per cent can neither read nor write.

Isolated as they are in their far northern peninsula, the Finns are abreast of the modern world in every respect except perhaps in the questionable article of luxurious living. Their social legislation is advanced; they were among the first of modern nations to enfranchise their women and outlaw the liquor trade.

The Finns, like the Hungarians, are comparatively recent emigrants from Asia. Their ancestral home was in Siberia, and they are related to many of the tribes that still roam the Siberian steppes and perhaps to the Mongols too. They have an exceedingly complicated and highly inflected language, which is not, as you might expect, rough or guttural, but musical and full of open vowel sounds. Finnish literature is not imposing in amount, for it is only since the Finns were separated from the dominion of Sweden early in the nineteenth century that there has been any literary writing in the vernacular. Before that Finnish authors usually wrote in Swedish, but there is one old and fascinating work, the epic poem called the Kalevala. That ancient poem was carried in the memories of the Finns, as the old Homeric poems were preserved in the memories of the Greek bards, until almost the middle of the nineteenth century. It was not set down in writing until 1835. It was in the Kalevala, then, a new contribution to world literature, that Longfellow found the unusual metre that he used in Hiawatha.

Except where there is some admixture of Swedish blood the Finns are quite unlike the Aryan, or Indo-European, peoples that have spread over Europe, but they are a race that has shown itself able to maintain its vigor and individuality even under the yoke of more powerful neighbors, and that has absorbed and assimilated successfully all the best of European culture in politics, literature, science and art.

SPEED AND LEISURE

A FAMILIAR complaint about modern life is that its pace is so rapid as to leave no opportunity for leisure—hardly time, indeed, for the performance of necessary duties. Sometimes, hearing the voices raised in deprecation of the way in which life has been accelerated and the excuses for failure that are based on this unhealthy acceleration, we wonder how the more slow-moving and less active-minded persons who are so numerous in the world manage to live at all. And sometimes too we wonder whether there is not a good deal of unreality in the idea that the speeding up of the machinery by which men get things done has reduced the opportunity for leisure and is a legitimate explanation even of failure.

It should indeed be obvious that such a speeding up has enabled men to accomplish an increased amount of work in a given time, and that it has provided them with an increased amount of leisure. The lawyer who

formerly had to write all his letters in long hand and who now dictates them for transcription by a stenographer; the business man who once had to go on foot or by stage or horse car to talk over an important matter with a creditor or a customer and who now has at his disposal the telephone and the automobile; the farmer who now has the gasoline tractor and the harvesting machine in place of the horse-drawn plough and the scythe—all afford illustrations of the fact that the speeding up of the machinery of life has enabled men to increase their productive labor and to enjoy a greater degree of leisure than fell to the lot of a past generation.

The persons who are injuriously affected by the speed of modern life are usually those who find speed necessary to their pleasure. Innumerable people think that there is pleasure merely in rushing about, or that an attraction that is twenty miles distant is far more attractive than the one of intrinsically equal merit that is just round the corner. Introducing the machinery of speed into modern life has stimulated a craving for exotic pleasures and excitements and an impatience with routine duties. It is a natural consequence. On the other hand, anyone who wishes to enjoy the benefit of the leisure that the speeding up of life has won for him may do so. Most people will no doubt go on thinking that in order to get the most out of life they must speed up both in the pursuit of pleasure and in the performance of tasks.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

MR. THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

is a widely known lecturer and writer on musical topics who knows how to interest in his subject not merely the musician but the people. The Companion will publish this fall three articles by him of the greatest popular interest. The titles are

MUSIC AS A CAREER
THE AMATEUR MUSICIAN
MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Every man or woman, boy or girl, who has the slightest musical inclination will find the articles a real source of inspiration and sound practical help. The first article will appear in The Companion for

SEPTEMBER 11

CURRENT EVENTS

THE ticket that the second Cleveland convention left unfinished when it named Senator La Follette for President is completed by the nomination of Senator Wheeler of Montana for Vice President. Mr. Wheeler was United States attorney in Montana while Mr. Wilson was President and was elected to the Senate two years ago as a Democrat. For a new Senator he gained unusual prominence by his service as chairman of the committee that investigated the conduct of the Department of Justice under Attorney-General Daugherty. He belongs to the more radical wing of the Democrats, and when Mr. Davis was nominated at New York he lost no time in announcing that he could not support him because of the professional connection that Mr. Davis has had with certain large banking and commercial concerns in New York.

A NUMBER of incidents, some of them important and some not, serve to indicate a continual tendency to devolution within the British Empire. The recognition of the Irish Free State and the strength of the Nationalist movement in South Africa are among the important incidents. The recent debate in Parliament over the Stone of Scone is perhaps among the unimportant ones. That ancient piece of rock, sometimes called the Stone of Destiny, was long ago recognized in Scotland as a sacred relic on which the kings of Scotland sat when they were crowned. By tradition it is also the very stone on which Jacob rested his head when he dreamed of the ladder that reached to Heaven, with angels going up and

down thereon. Years ago an English king, having worsted the Scots in battle, took the stone to London and put it under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. Recently a Scottish member of Parliament moved that the Stone of Scone be taken back to Scotland, and the debate that followed was unexpectedly warm. It appeared to be felt on both sides that such an act would be regarded as a movement toward an independent sovereignty for Scotland, and great relief was expressed when the proposal was voted down.

THE city of Petrograd—or Leningrad, as it is now called by soviet decree—has so far diminished in population and prosperity as a result of the revolution that both its famous cathedrals, that of St. Isaac and that of the Virgin of Kazan, have been closed. There is no money available for keeping them in the necessary repair or for maintaining the expensive religious staff that such great churches require. It is said that the Kazan cathedral is to be taken over by the civil authorities and turned into a historical museum and art gallery. It is also reported that the soviet government has determined to spend some \$13,000,000 in repairing the streets and buildings of Leningrad, which have fallen into a sad state of dilapidation.

BECAUSE the American vice consul, Mr. R. W. Imbrie, was seen to take a snapshot of a crowd of faithful Moslems gathered about a "sacred" well in Teheran, Persia, the mob of fanatics set upon him and beat him to death. The Persian government was prompt to express its horror at the incident and to promise that those who were responsible should be punished. Some one will no doubt have to suffer, whether or not the authorities get the real murderer. The tragedy calls attention to the fundamental difference between Orient and Occident and emphasizes the necessity of the greatest circumspection on the part of Western visitors to Asiatic countries. No one who has not lived for many years in those parts can be sure just what will cause offense and lead to trouble.

AT a recent election the Canadian province of Saskatchewan voted to abandon prohibition and to adopt the system of government control and sale of liquor that is already in use in Quebec, Alberta, Manitoba and British Columbia. In October the province of Ontario will have a referendum on the same question.

UNDER a new arrangement for which Senator Borah is primarily responsible the country is to have current information of the amount of money raised by the campaign committees of the political parties as well as of the persons who contribute it. Heretofore no report on campaign contributions has been made until long after the election. Now it is proposed that the committees shall furnish the information to the special committee of the Senate of which Mr. Borah is chairman every ten days or two weeks between September 1 and election day. No check on corrupt practice is so valuable as publicity.

A DISTINGUISHED astronomer, Prof. David Todd of Amherst College, has given apprehensive persons something to worry about besides politics and the economic problems of Europe. He says that the rock that underlies New York city is of a jointed structure and that under the tremendous weight of the great buildings it may sometime or other crack and slip and so cause a terrific earthquake. He also fears that by withdrawing such vast quantities of petroleum from the earth we are creating great voids into which the crust of the earth may here and there collapse. In the nature of things he can make no prediction of any such calamity, but he wonders whether it may not be possible—and so do we.

THE Irish Free State liberated Eamonn de Valera last month. There is no evidence that Mr. de Valera has abated any of his hostility to the treaty that preserves the nominal connection of Ireland with Great Britain under the sovereignty of King George; but the Free State authorities evidently believe that he is less likely to cause trouble for them at liberty than in confinement, and they are probably right.

Now Combat the Film

That's how millions get
those prettier teeth

Do you realize how much white teeth add to woman's beauty? And how many women get them now, just by combating film?

This offers you a ten-day test of the method they employ. Learn now how much it means.

Teeth are coated

You feel on teeth a viscous film. Much of it resists the tooth brush, clings and stays.

Soon that film discolours, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film is also the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs, and they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Two ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

of some 50 nations have adopted this new method.

A constant aid

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are there to fight acids, and the starch deposits which may form acids. Every use gives manifold power to both these tooth-protecting agents.

Pepsodent is bringing a new dental era.

You and your family should know what it means, and we urge you to find out now.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will bring a revelation to you. Cut out coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the
world over

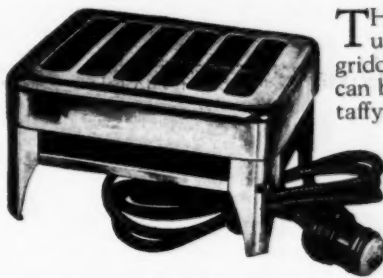
CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 155, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Companion Electric Stove



THE housewife will find many uses for this stove: Bacon, eggs, griddle, cakes, steaks and chops can be cooked as readily as fudge, taffy or candy. Tea or coffee may be made, and bread may be quickly toasted just the right degree of crispness. For the single man or woman, it is just the thing for cooking one's own breakfast.

No matter where this stove is used, it has its advantages. There is no soot, dirt, flame, fire, danger or odor. With the switching on of the electric current, the stove is ready for its many uses.

The stove is made of cold rolled steel nickel plated and polished, and except in the assembly of the heating element, is put together without the use of bolts or screws. Our offer includes a plug with cord attached, ready for instant use. The top is 6 x 5 1/4 inches. Value \$1.75.

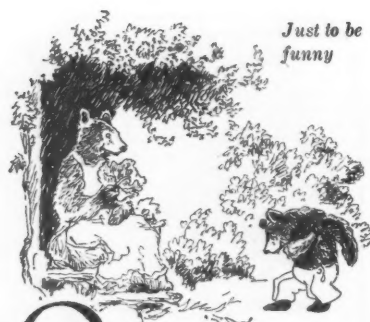
We supply the stove for 110-volt current only.

Note: The stove will not operate on current supplied by farm lighting plants.

OUR OFFER: Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion with 25 cents extra and we will send you postpaid the Electric Stove. The price of the Stove if purchased is \$1.65.

NOTE: The Stove is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.



ONE midsummer afternoon, Little Bear went skipping down the trail toward his play-ground in the sunbright clearing. Mother Bear called to him, "Little Bear, Little Bear, please come back a minute." Little Bear walked slowly to Mother Bear, who was sitting on the front steps fanning herself with a huge burdock leaf. Little Bear looked cross, for his mother had called him when he wished to play. Indeed he looked so cross as he stood before her digging his toes into the earth that Mother Bear, still fanning herself, said:

"It is a warm day, isn't it?" Now Little Bear knew that he hadn't been called back to talk about the weather, and so when he looked up he couldn't help laughing. "I don't care how warm it is," he answered cheerfully. "I want to go and play!"

"I called you back," Mother Bear went on, "to beg you to keep clean this afternoon because we are expecting callers who will wish to see you too. You must not play with any rough children. Now please remember, Little Bear, because when I call you you will have to come straight from your play, and I do hope I shall not be ashamed of you."

Just to be funny Little Bear bowed low, put his paw over his heart and promised not to play with any rough children. Then with a hop and a skip and a jump he ran down the trail.

It was an hour when most of the wild-wood children were taking their naps, and after Little Bear had played by himself for a while he suddenly began to feel lonely in his sunbright clearing. But just then he heard the woodchuck children shouting and laughing on the western hilltop. One of them saw Little Bear and came running down the hill. "Come and play with us," he said.

"I can't play with you this afternoon," answered Little Bear, "because I must keep clean, but I will come and watch you."

So up the hill went Little Bear with the woodchuck to sit down and watch the woodchuck children at their play. They were rough-and-tumble youngsters and had no manners, for they had been turned out when they were young to make their own way in the world.

Little Bear had always liked the woodchuck folk, even though their ways were unlike the ways of the Three Bears. For a while he sat still and watched them. Then he ran a race with Bobby Woodchuck and laughed merrily at the joke, though the joke was on him, when he stubbed his toe on a root and went sprawling on the ground. Because Bobby Woodchuck won that race all the other children laughed and laughed, and the next thing Little Bear knew he was playing rough-and-tumble games with them.

At last one of the fun-loving woodchuck youngsters began to make balls of earth and old dead leaves that he stuck together with juicy wild strawberries. Soon all the children were playing ball with those sticky, sticky balls, and Little Bear too.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

When Little Bear Played With Rough Children

By Frances Margaret Fox

So many strawberry balls were thrown at Little Bear that he stopped making them himself and did nothing except try to catch all that came his way; so he was soon plastered from top to toe with earth, dead leaves, brambles, crushed strawberries and strawberry juice. The game was such fun that he laughed until he nearly choked as he pelted the woodchuck children with their own sticky balls.

When the merriment was at its height there suddenly came a loud, clear robin call for Little Bear.

"Your mother says come home,
Your mother says come home!"

the messenger called from the tree tops.

"And look at me!" wailed Little Bear. The woodchuck children looked at him, and then they laughed until they could not

turned him round. He had heard Mother Bear warn Little Bear to keep clean, and he had heard Little Bear's promise. When Father Bear saw the back of Little Bear's summer suit, all earth and dead leaves and brambles and crushed strawberries and strawberry juice, he said in terrible tones: "I MUST TAKE THE LITTLE FELLOW ACROSS MY KNEE!"

"Tut, tut—there, there," interposed Grandmother Bear gently, "did you have a bad fall, Little Bear?"

"That must be exactly what happened!" Mother Bear agreed quickly, and she believed it.

"SPEAK UP!" roared Father Bear as he reached for a small paddle. "TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!"

It was a dreadful moment for Little Bear, but he could not, would not, tell a lie.

"I played rough games with rough chil-



"You go to the brook and wash your face and hands and your ears too"

we are soon going for a picnic, and you must be ready."

"Oh," said Little Bear mournfully, "I suppose you are dreadfully ashamed of me?"

"No," answered Mother Bear, "I am proud of you because you told the truth. Now run along and take your bath and be happy."

Little Bear took such a joyful plunge into the river that he scared the fishes. Later at the picnic he was so sweet and clean and behaved so perfectly that his grandfather and his grandmother and Father Bear owned that they too were proud of him.

And that night when Mother Bear tucked him into bed Little Bear promised that he would be good and do exactly as he was told ever after.



DRAWINGS BY
WALT HARRIS

stand. At last one woodchuck stood up and began to sing in a teasing sing-song:

"Oh, we are the jolly woodchuck babies,
And we do as we please.
We do not have to ask our mothers,
If—we—may—sneeze!"

Then "Woof!" shouted Little Bear at that baby so loud and so suddenly that he scared all the woodchuck children away into the bushes. Back they came, however, in a minute, to try to help him get clean. He worked and they worked, but no matter what they did Little Bear was a sad sight.

Finally the oldest woodchuck said, "You go to the brook and wash your face and hands and your ears too and brush off your suit in front, and then you walk in and shake hands with the callers. Then you back out of the house this way, and even your mother won't know that you have been playing a rough game with us."

Little Bear did as he was told. He washed and scrubbed his face and hands and ears in the brook until he felt more hopeful. Then home he ran as fast as he could travel.

At first when he walked in the house seemed as dark as any cave, and so he felt sure that the callers would not notice how he really looked, all soiled and ragged. The callers were his dear grandfather and grandmother, and all went well until Grandfather Bear said, "I must take the little fellow on my knee and tell him a story."

Little Bear knew better than to be taken on Grandfather Bear's knee; so he straightaway said in a scared little voice, "But—but,—please excuse me,—I'm all sticky in the back!"

Immediately Father Bear took Little Bear by the shoulder and

dren, and that is why I am all dirty and sticky," he confessed in a scared little voice.

At that Grandfather Bear put his head back and roared with laughter. "Well done!" said he. Grandmother Bear laughed softly, and Father Bear couldn't help smiling as he dropped the paddle.

"The thing for you to do now," Mother Bear advised Little Bear, "is to go down to the river and have a good bath. Then dry yourself quickly in the sunshine, because

HIGH WIND

By Miriam Clark Potter

Oh, how the wind blew!
It fluttered my skirt,
It tossed the ripe apples
All down in the dirt;

It twisted the swing,
It banged the barn door,
It chased the straw hat
That the minister wore;

It whirled the gray
smoke,
It flurried the clothes,
It fastened a leaf
On the kitty cat's nose;

Like a clown from the
circus
It did all its tricks.
Oh, how the wind
blew
Till a quarter of six!



DRAWN BY
DECIE MERWIN

"I never jumped with him before," said Betty, "but of course he can do it."

She ran into the stable and came back trailing the saddle and bridle behind her.

"Here, come here!" she called and went racing off after Star. But he trotted away as if he were playing a game of tag with her.

"Star, come here, come to your mistress!" she called, and at last he came nearer and allowed her to slip on the bridle and buckle the saddle on his back. Betty knew how to saddle him very well because she had done it many times.

When he was ready she swung herself up on his back. "Get up, Star," she commanded.

He started forward straight toward the path, and Betty gathered the reins tight in her hand, ready to help him over the

ditch. Bobby ran along beside them, and in his excitement he pulled out his big white handkerchief and waved it up and down. "Go it, Star! Jump it!" he shouted and jumped up and down himself.

The flash of the white cloth frightened Star. He swerved sharply to one side, tossed his head, kicked up his heels and with his head low to the ground ran as fast as he could in the opposite direction straight out over the green pasture. Betty gripped his sides with her knees and leaned far over, pulling hard on the reins. "Whoa, whoa, Star!" she shrieked, but the wind must have been whistling by the pony's ears too fast to let him hear her. He did not stop.

Betty held on as tight as she could, but suddenly, just when she seemed to be bounding the most, Star jerked up his feet and jumped. Up and down together went horse and rider, but the jump seemed to take all the runaway spirit out of Star. The next minute he came to a quick standstill with Betty sitting tight on his back. She looked behind her and saw that they had gone over the brook—a little bubbling brook—that ran through the end of the meadow.

Two persons came running toward them, Bobby and mother; but Betty only laughed when they asked if she was hurt.

"I think my bones rattled," she said, "but I don't believe any of them broke."

"Whew! That certainly was a big jump," said Bobby, looking at the stream. He could not get across it except on stepping stones.

"I told you Star always had to have the biggest of everything," said Betty. "Even the biggest runaway jump!"

BATHTUB BAY

By Gertrude Boughton Urquhart

*This is the ocean, so broad and wide
That I cannot see the other side.
Here in this sheltered nook I shall play
That my boat sails out on Bathtub Bay.*

*Long-throated swans like my boats ride
out*

*And bump right into the rainbow trout.
Celluloid fishes in Bathtub Bay
Spread out their fins and swim away.*

*Bathtub Bay is both broad and deep,
And its banks are high and dreadfully
steep;*

*The water is wet in Bathtub Bay,
For water has to be wet, they say.*

*One time I heard a brook trout say
That fishes like it best that way;
They think it strange that I should try
To keep my dress and apron dry.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE THIRTEENTH DOLL

By Pringle Barret

ON Mary Jane's seventh birthday Aunt Elizabeth gave her a doll's bathtub, and of all the presents that Mary Jane received she liked her little bathtub best.

"Now I shall be able to give all my dolls a bath often," she said to Aunt Elizabeth. "Of course I shan't be able to bathe them all every day as I should do, because I have thirteen, and that is too many children to bathe every day. One day I shall give half of them a bath and the next day the other half."

Aunt Elizabeth smiled down at her little niece as if she had thought of something funny, but all she said was, "Don't you think that it will be rather hard to bathe half of thirteen children?"

Mary Jane's forehead puckered into a frown. She did not know what half of thirteen was. To be sure, mother had tried to teach her about fractions, but Mary Jane had not learned easily. To tell the truth, she had not tried very hard. After all, Mary Jane was only seven years old.

Suddenly an

idea popped into her head, and she smiled at Aunt Elizabeth as if she had thought of something funny, but all she said was, "I don't think it will be hard, but I shall see."

Off she ran to the play room. All her dolls were together on the couch where she usually kept them.

"I shall find out how many half of you is," said Mary Jane.

She lifted one doll and put it on one side of the couch and then she lifted another and put it on the other side of the couch and so on until she had as many dolls on one side as on the other end and only one doll left.

How Mary Jane laughed! She ran back to Aunt Elizabeth as fast as she could run, laughing very hard all the time.

"Oh!" she said. "I see now. When you take half of thirteen you have one left. What shall I do?"

"Why don't you bathe six dolls one day and seven the next?" asked Aunt Elizabeth.

But Mary Jane did not like that idea. Besides, since the thirteenth doll was the largest and bathing her would take more time than bathing any of the others, it did not seem quite fair to bathe her on the seven dolls' day. Mary Jane thought about it for some time. Besides, Kitty, which was the name of the thirteenth doll, was not only larger than any of the other dolls but was made differently. She was made of papier-maché, and that gets dirty much faster than china. Mary Jane thought that Kitty would have to be scrubbed a great deal harder.

She was discouraged that night when she went to bed, but she decided to wash the seven dolls on the first day and Kitty was to be the first doll that she washed.

So in the morning at bath time she put Kitty into the tub and scrubbed her hard. All the dust and stains and dirt began to come off Kitty, but some of the skin began to come off too. In fact Kitty suddenly began to soften all over, and before Mary Jane knew what was happening she didn't have any thirteenth doll at all. Even poor Kitty's bones had softened until you would think that she had no bones. In fact, if you had a bowl of mush and a tub of Kitty, you wouldn't be able to tell which was mush and which was Kitty except by the color and the taste, maybe.

Poor Mary Jane did not know what in the world to do.

"Kitty," she cried, "that's not the way to behave when you take a bath!"

But what had once been Kitty paid not the slightest attention.

"Aunt Elizabeth," cried Mary Jane, "Aunt Elizabeth!"

But Aunt Elizabeth had gone for a walk that beautiful summer morning and so of course could not hear her little niece calling her. When she came back she went into the play room where the little bathtub was kept to see how the bathing was getting along. When she opened the door she saw a little girl on the floor with her head in her hands, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, Mary Jane, dear, what can be the matter?" asked Aunt Elizabeth. She ran to the little girl and lifted her in her arms, and Mary Jane sobbed out the story of poor Kitty.

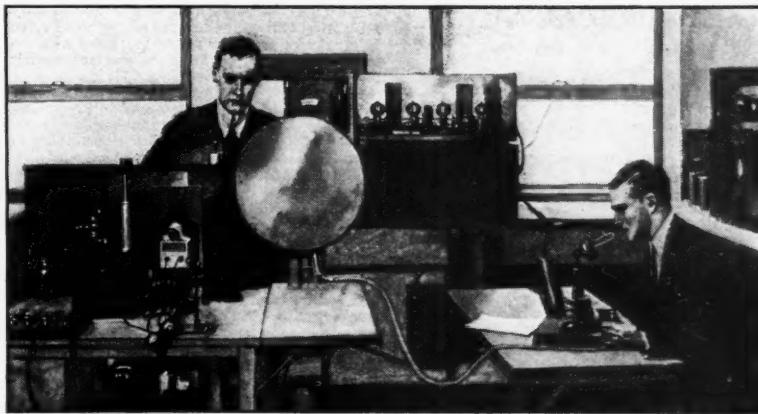
Aunt Elizabeth rocked her in her lap and talked about the birds that she had heard singing in the trees that morning and about the flowers that she had seen all along the way, and by and by Mary Jane felt better.

She sat up and dried her eyes and smiled her prettiest smile. "Now I can bathe half the dolls one day and half the next, and that is a better plan anyway."

"Aren't you glad," said Aunt Elizabeth, "that it is the thirteenth instead of one of the others that is gone?"

Mary Jane frowned a wee little puzzled frown and thought for a whole minute before she said anything at all. Then she looked at Aunt Elizabeth and smiled. "It wouldn't make any difference which doll it was," she said. "There would still be an even number left, and you can always divide an even number evenly!"

Then Mary Jane and Aunt Elizabeth looked at each other in a very wise way, as if they had found out a great deal and shared a delightful and important secret. After that Jane had no more trouble in bathing half of her dolls at a time.



In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

During this search for knowledge came the discovery that was to be of such incalculable value to mankind.

The search for knowledge in whatever field it might lie has made possible America's supremacy in the art of the telephone.

Many times, in making a national telephone service a reality, this centralized search for knowledge has overcome engineering difficulties and removed scientific limitations that threatened to hamper the development of speech transmission. It is still making available for all the Bell companies inventions and improvements in every type of telephone mechanism.

This service of the parent company to its associates, as well as the advice and assistance given in operating, financial and legal matters, enables each company in the Bell System to render a telephone service infinitely cheaper and better than it could as an unrelated local unit.

This service of the parent company has saved hundreds of millions of dollars in first cost of Bell System telephone plant and tens of millions in annual operating expense—of which the public is enjoying the benefits.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

THE STEADFAST HEART

By Clarence B. Kelland



From the first unforgettable chapter, the story sweeps onward with a grip and sureness, a knowledge of human nature, a selection of events which make it stand out as one of the distinct, powerful accomplishments of the year.

Here is life without the taint of a tawdry realism; truth, with all the romance that is inherent in a good fight well fought; drama which is never melodrama, but which rises to the heights of greatness.

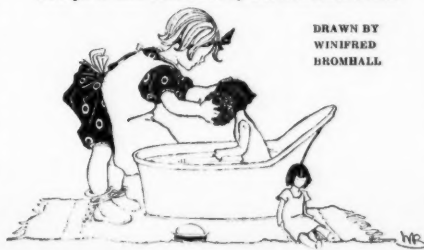
The making of a man in the crucible of life's bitterest experiences—this is the story the author tells in this new novel. The struggles, the adventures, and final glorious achievement of Angus Burke grip the interest and the imagination.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion and we will present you with a copy of The Steadfast Heart by Clarence B. Kelland, sending the book to you postpaid. Regular price of the book is \$2.00.

NOTE: The book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 881 Commonwealth Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

The first and last bath of the thirteenth doll



DRAWN BY
WINIFRED
BRONHALL

CANTERBURY TOWN

By Helen M. Seymour



Oh, have you been to Canterbury, Canterbury Town?
It is just a step away, now the summer sun is down.

There are many pleasant streets there,
And the people that one meets there,
They are pilgrims, pious pilgrims, cloaked in ivory and brown.

Up and down and to and fro
To the many shrines they go,
And the murmur of their voices makes a humming soft and low.
Neither slates nor sanded shoes,
Such as other pilgrims use,
Have my pilgrims, pious pilgrims, flocking through the evening dews.

Slates and shoes are clumsy things;
So my pilgrims make them wings,
Wings of ivory and brown.
Now the summer sun is down
They are flitting through the pleasant night to Canterbury Town.

Oh, have you been to Canterbury, Canterbury gay?
Though the pilgrims come to pray,
Neither sad nor sour are they.
There are fiddles, pipes and fiddles, making music all the way.
Oh, what flashing, floating lights
In the pale streets o' nights!
In the hidden lanes and courtyards folk are keeping holiday.

In another Canterbury, so men say,
Was a shrine of good Saint Thomas,
Where folk came with prayer and promise,
Bringing gifts to deck the shrine
Till it glittered golden-fine;
For the pilgrims, pious pilgrims, brought their gifts from far away.
Rich man, poor man, king and clown,
Made the journey for his soul's sake,
Asking blessings for his dole's sake,
Long ago and in another, older Canterbury Town.

Oh, have you been to Canterbury, Canterbury Town?
It is just a step away, now the summer sun is down.
For Saint Thomas—never mind him,
For you'll seek in vain to find him.
Yet they've saints aplenty too—
Maiden saints in heavenly blue,
Pink and red and violet pale—such a world of rainbow hue
Good Saint Thomas never knew.
There's a saint for every pilgrim, coming on each wind that blows,
But the chief are pure Saint Lily and her sister, sweet Saint Rose.

Oh, have you been to Canterbury, Canterbury fair?
Long ago, so men declare,
In that other Canterbury
Came a chiming grave or merry
From the bells of pondrous iron, making music high in air.
In our twilight Canterbury they have made for their delight
Bells of purple, pink and white,
And they've set them swinging-ringing in the pleasant summer night.

Yet if we go to Canterbury, Canterbury Town,
We shall hear
Not a peal from any steeple.
We alone of all the people
May not harken to the chiming,
Aisy music, dipping, climbing,
Hither, yon and up and down.
Human ear,
Crudely fashioned, may not hear it,
Though we seem to draw near it,
Almost grasp it, 'tis so near.

But the pilgrims, oh, the pilgrims, dressed in ivory and brown,
When the evening's growing late,
Just beyond the garden gate,
Hear the soft and silver chiming borne from Canterbury Town.

WHY HE DIDN'T REPROVE THEM

A service recently conducted by a well-known minister a pewful of young people behaved badly during the first part of the proceedings, whispering, fidgeting and giggling. The minister did not reprove them directly, but during the notices he said, "You will, I hope, excuse an interpolation at this point. While I have been standing in this pulpit tonight I have been reminded of some words of advice one of the professors gave to the students when I was in college. 'Be very chary of reproofing people publicly for behaving badly in church,' he said. 'Once when I was in a pastorate I paused in my sermon and administered a severe rebuke to a young man who was constantly talking and giggling and shuffling about. After I descended from the pulpit at the end of the service one of the officials of the church came to me and said, 'I think you were ill-advised in speaking severely to that young man, because the poor fellow is an idiot.' I was much chagrined to know that unwittingly

I had added affliction to one who was already too sorely afflicted; and ever since then I have always refrained from reproving those who behave badly in church, lest I should be reproving another idiot.'

"I will not say why I have recalled these words of my dear old tutor and will only add that they impressed me so much that I have never yet publicly reproved bad behavior in church. The offertory will now be taken."

For the rest of the service the young offenders behaved perfectly.

HOW TO TREAT A CRIPPLE

STEVE RANDO had been a bed-ridden cripple for two years and might never walk again. He had his spells of heart-breaking despair and bitter disappointment, but he was only twenty-two years old, and with the buoyancy of youth he still cherished a small, quiet spark of hope of ultimate recovery. But a great source of displeasure to him was the unnatural attitude of most of the few people who still troubled to call on him or came to the house on other business.

Mrs. Playter had just visited Mrs. Rando and had incidentally bestowed some gloomy pity on Steve and favored him with a morbid description of the latest calamities of the neighborhood. Steve had listened attentively and politely enough, but his mother had detected in his attitude lack of interest and cordiality—something she had noticed with increasing frequency during the past two years.

When their visitor had departed Mrs. Rando said to her son kindly, "Was Mrs. Playter's conversation too dreary for you, Stevie?"

"You guessed it, mother," Steve replied emphatically. "It irritates me to have Mrs. Playter and others like her pulling long faces over me and telling me how sorry they are for me, treating me as if I were dead or dying and discussing for my benefit the latest sicknesses, deaths and other afflictions they have heard of. Do they think I enjoy it or that it does me good?"

"But they mean well," Mrs. Rando protested gently, "only they don't think."

"I know they mean well," Steve conceded, "and perhaps I am ungrateful, but I do wish they understood as well as they mean. Take Mr. Dickinson from the church, who comes to see me about every so often; he goes to the other extreme and makes a point of being optimistic and cheerful and keeping off depressing subjects. He irritates me too. I'm not afraid to hear about disease, death, trouble and disaster, even though I don't care to hear about them exclusively."

"And there's Mrs. Gallivan; she hurries to agree with every remark I make, whether she believes as I do or not. She thinks she has to humor me the same as a spoiled child. Now I can stand contradiction, and my mind is not crippled, even though my body is."

"And the patronizing ones like that Miss Clark! When she stops in on her rounds for the charity outfit she throws me a greeting like a bone to a dog. As for the few boys who still come to see me once in two or three months, they are mostly dumb around me, and I can see that it is an ordeal for them. I shouldn't care much if they stayed away entirely."

"Those people," he resumed a little sadly, "don't seem to regard me as really human and can't act natural around me. I'll take it for granted that they feel sorry for me and would help me if they could; but, as it is, the best they can do for me is to talk to me the same way they do to well and able-bodied people."

"I understand, Stevie," his endlessly patient mother assured him and stroked his thin white hand. "All you want is to be treated like folks."

THE MONGOOSE'S NATIONAL GAME

THE mongoose holds a secure place in literature since Mr. Kipling established him there with the story of Rikki-Tikki Tavi. But Rikki-Tikki was an Indian mongoose. In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly Mr. Hans Coudenhove introduces to the reading public the African mongoose, a creature no less courageous and even more amusing.

Mr. Coudenhove was the owner of several mongooses,—it is always difficult to refrain from making the plural mongoose!—of which the most beloved was named in honor of Kipling's Rikki-Tikki. All were companionable and affectionate, though by no means always docile or even uninterceptably amiable.

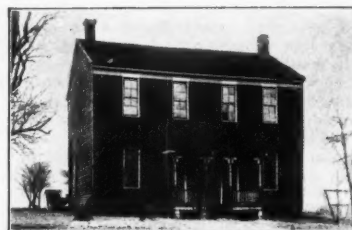
All mongooses, and the sedate and worldwide Rikki-Tikki made no exception to the rule, are, says Mr. Coudenhove, passionately fond of seizing hold of small objects, which they use for their national game of fives. Their natural food consists chiefly of amphibians, small reptiles, mollusks, insects, spiders and mice. Of snails they are extremely fond. To break their shells they seize them with their hands and with unerring aim and marvelous strength propel them through between their hind legs against a rock or a tree in front of which they post themselves for the purpose, sometimes bucking with incredible swiftness, just in time to let the projectile pass clear underneath. But they do not use foodstuffs only in this manner. They take the greatest delight in propelling with a strength that is prodigious for their size any small, hard object against a solid surface and in seeing it rebound to a distance of many

yards, when it is eagerly searched for—that is also part of the entertainment—and then used again and again for the same purpose. You had to keep carefully out of their reach all those things like watches, for example, or drinking glasses, which would have suffered if they had been used as high-velocity ammunition.

The creatures were awfully keen on getting hold of small coins, and they used to ransack all my pockets for odd shillings and pennies, inserting their hands into each one of them in turn. As soon as they found what they wanted they brought it to the surface with their fingers, seized it with their teeth, jumped to the ground and made off. We had to watch on those occasions, for there was always the possibility that they might lose the coins. Not so, however, where Rikki-Tikki was concerned! No matter how far out of sight and to what distance from the hut or tent Rikki-Tikki had taken the borrowed coin, he invariably brought it back of his own accord when his game was finished and dropped it on the ground in front of me, just looking up to me for a moment afterward to see whether I had noticed it.

MORE LINCOLN COURTHOUSES

NOT long ago The Companion printed the picture of an old courthouse at Metamora, Illinois, which was said to be the last remaining courthouse in which Abraham Lincoln appeared as an advocate. A correspondent in Illinois writes to tell us that there are



The old Postville courthouse

two other buildings still standing that divide with the courthouse at Metamora the honor of having been the scene of some of Lincoln's professional triumphs.

Both are in Logan County. One, the original courthouse of that county, was in the pioneer village of Postville, which is now a part of the city of Lincoln. The other is at Mt. Pulaski, which was the county seat from 1848 to 1852. That building stands in the town square and contains the post office. For many years it was used for a school.

The picture shows the old courthouse at Postville, which was made over into a dwelling house sometime subsequent to 1848.

The present city of Lincoln was not in existence until the railway between Chicago and Alton was built in 1852. That road left Postville a mile to one side, and a new town site was surveyed near the railway tracks. Abraham Lincoln was the attorney for the men who bought the land and laid out the new town, which they named for him. He was then a citizen of standing and popularity in Illinois, but no one imagined that the town was being named for a future President.

ICE CREAM ON MT. EVEREST

IN the Assault On Mt. Everest, the recent account by Gen. Charles Granville Bruce and other members of the expedition of 1922 of their attempt, so nearly successful, to conquer the still unconquered crowning peak of the Himalayas, nothing is more noteworthy than their experience in securing the common necessities of life—food and sleep. They were not simple matters to obtain on the terrible, wind-swept slopes and in the rarefied air and the intense cold of the highest camps.

The highest camp of the first climbing party had to be made upon perilously steep ground, upon a smooth, sloping slab of rock, across the foot of which they hastily piled a ridge of small stones so that they should not slide off. "It was not a situation that promised for either of us a bountiful repose," says Mr. George Leigh Mallory, who, as the reader will remember, lost his life in the expedition of 1924, "for one would be obliged to lie along the slope, and the only check to his tendency to slip down would be the body of the other. However, there was the little tent making a gallant effort to hold itself proudly and well."

There were two such tents; and after a brief meal of which hot tinned soup was the important part the four climbers went early to rest—if they could—for the morrow's final climb, in which they hoped to reach the crest.

"To the civilized man who gets into bed after the customary easy routine," continues Mr. Mallory, "the dispositions in a climber's tent may seem strangely intricate. In the first place he has to arrange about his boots. He must start next morning if possible with warm feet and in boots not altogether frozen stiff. He may choose to go to bed in his boots, and if his feet are warm when he turns in, it may be that he can do no better. His feet will probably keep warm in the sleeping bag if he wears his bed socks over his boots, and then he will not have to endure the pains of pulling on and wear-

ing frozen boots in the morning. At this camp I adopted a different plan—to wear moccasins instead of boots during the night and keep them on until the last possible moment before starting. But if a man takes his boots off, where is he to keep them warm? Climbing boots are not good to cuddle, and there will be no room for them with two in a double sleeping bag. Mine were accommodated in a ruck sack and put under my head for a pillow. It is not often that a man uses the head for warming things; nevertheless, they kept warm enough and were scarcely frozen in the morning.

"Norton's entrance into our double bag was a grievous disturbance; considering how long and slim he is, it is astonishing how much room he required. We were pressed so tight together that if either moved a corresponding manœuvre was required of the other. I soon discovered as the chief item of interest in the place where I lay a certain boulder, immovable and excruciatingly sharp, that came up between my shoulder blades. How in these circumstances we achieved sleep—and I believe both of us were sometimes unconscious in a light, intermittent slumber—I cannot explain. Perhaps the fact that we were often breathless from exhaustion or discomfort and were obliged to breathe deep helped us to sleep, as deep breathing often will. In spite of everything the night was endurable; to pass the sleepless intervals thoughts were not far to seek; we were able to feel some satisfaction in the mere existence of this camp—the two small tents perched there on the vast mountain side of snow-bound rocks and actually higher, at twenty-five thousand feet, than any climbing party had been before. 'Hang it all!' we muttered. 'It's not so bad!'

The same gay and gallant spirit persisted when next day after their attempt to reach the summit had failed they made their way back, supperless and exhausted, to a lower camp, where they anticipated a comforting hot meal, only to find that through an unfortunate mistake, although the food was there, not a thing was to be found to cook it in. But if they could not have hot food—

"Ice cream!" suggested Norton. Thereupon a tin of strawberry jam was opened, and then another of frozen milk. The two were compounded with snow, and they had strawberry ice cream à la Mt. Everest!

THE QUEEN'S TASTE IN SUNSHADES

IT is hard to surmise what was in the queen's mind. Did she disdain to change her orders, or did she intend to set a sensible example, as she often liked to do? The story as Mr. William Le Queux tells it in Things I Know is of Queen Victoria's last visit to Nice.

About a fortnight after the queen's arrival, writes Mr. Le Queux, while passing up the Avenue de la Gare I met a well-known detective, Superintendent Fraser, of Scotland Yard, who with Monsieur Paoli, of the Paris Sûreté, was her majesty's personal protector. When I asked him whether he was hurrying he replied:

"Come with me. I am going on a—well, on a very confidential mission!"

At once I turned back with him. To my surprise he stopped before a cheap draper's shop and, pointing to a long string of black-and-white striped sunshades open and swaying in the wind, inquired their price.

"Five francs, fifty," replied the dark-eyed Provençal girl in French.

My friend hesitated and inquired whether they were of silk.

"No, m'sieur, they are cotton," was the reply.

With that he turned away. Then he explained that the queen, who had been out for her afternoon drive, had just returned and, calling him, had told him that in the Avenue de la Gare she had been attracted by some sunshades hanging outside a shop. "Go and buy me one, Fraser," she had commanded. "They are the very thing I want here."

"But," exclaimed my friend to me, "how can I take the queen a four-and-seven-penny sunshade? Come back with me, and when I have told her we will go out to the café!"

I walked back with him to Cimiez and waited while he passed along the corridor of the great hotel to her majesty's apartments.

His face had changed when he returned a few minutes later. "I told the queen," he said, "but she has ordered me to go back at once. She seemed quite indignant and said, 'Fraser, you men know nothing about sunshades! Pray how much would you expect me to give for a cotton sunshade? Go and get me one at once!'

BAD ENOUGH



The Captor: "And I can tell you, young man, it's extremely lucky for you that my husband is away!"
—Ridgwell in London Opinion.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

ALLEN-CHALMERS SCHOOL West Newton, Mass.

MILITARY SCHOOLS

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE Cincinnati, Ohio
WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY, Lexington, Mo.

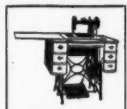
CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE, L-5 Austinburg, Ohio
FRYBURG ACADEMY Fryeburg, Me.
PROCTOR ACADEMY Andover, N. H.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

BURDETT COLLEGE Boston, Mass.

You May Try It 3 Months Before Deciding



Our plan makes it possible for you to test the HIGH-GRADE, FIRST QUALITY

New Companion Sewing Machine

IN YOUR HOME for three months before deciding. If unsatisfactory we return your money and take back machine at our expense. We offer choice of seven styles (foot treadle and electric), guarantee for 25 years, pay the freight, and sell at a very low price.

A postal request brings descriptive booklet and attractive terms of purchase by return mail

PERRY MASON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.



The FAMILY SHOPPING

HOME WEAVING

LOOMS only \$9.90 and up. Big money in weaving rugs, carpets, portieres, etc., at home, from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for FREE Loom Book. It tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful \$9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms now sold on attractive Monthly Payment terms.

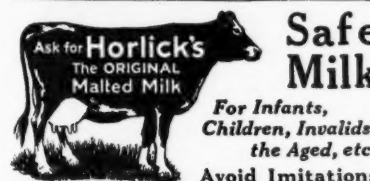
Union Loom Works, 338 Factory Street, Boonville, N. Y.

INDIAN BASKETS OF 12 TRIBES
Oregon Agate Bird Arrows—Best in the world. Sioux BEAD WORK, Moccasins, Bows, Costumes. Polished Agates. Price Lists free. 41st year.
L. W. STILLWELL, Deadwood, S. D.



After A Bath With
Cuticura Soap
Dust With
Cuticura Talcum
Delicately Medicated
Of Pleasing Fragrance

30 Days' Free Trial
Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes, famous **Ranger** bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at **Factory Prices**, from \$21.50 up.
\$5 a Month if desired. Parents often advance a \$5.00 first deposit. Boys can earn small payments.
Tires whole, lamps, horns, equipment at half retail prices. Send for Money.
Write for our marvelous prices and terms.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Write us today for free catalog
DEPT. D-50 CHICAGO



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
the Aged, etc.
Avoid Imitations

ADVENTURE BOOKS FOR BOYS

The best and liveliest stories published. Send 15c in stamps for the "Battleship Boys at Sea"; or Two Apprentices in Uncle Sam's Navy; and free catalogues.

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY
1326-36 Vine Street Philadelphia, Pa.

RELIEF FOR ASTHMA

80-PAGE BOOK sent FREE to any sufferer. Address P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for Bulletin Y-235.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

ROWBOATS Easy to make them SAIL. \$5—\$10.
Graham Centerboard Mfg. Harbor Springs, Mich.

We returned together and purchased one. That sunshade was a prominent object in the streets of Nice and in country roads in the neighborhood, for each afternoon that season when the queen went out she held it proudly above her head for all to admire; the passers-by no doubt believed it to be an expensive one of silk. I afterwards learned from Superintendent Fraser that on her return to Windsor her majesty gave it to Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, for use during the following summer!

WHEN QUAKER MET DICTATOR

GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends, had the fundamental qualities of a good soldier: strength in his conviction of duty and the will to obey it. Oddly enough, his contemporary Oliver Cromwell, soldier and dictator, possessed many of the virtues of a good Quaker. Such men, it would seem, separated as they were by their notions of what was right and what was wrong, must surely clash, if brought together. And yet at a forced meeting that Mr. Rufus M. Jones describes in his life of George Fox the result was quite otherwise.

It was in the early morning, says Mr. Jones, and Cromwell was in the process of being dressed by his valet, when Fox, who was suspected of plotting to overthrow the government, was ushered into his presence. The meeting was in the famous Whitehall Palace. "Peace be to this house," was the salutation with which George Fox entered the Protector's bedroom.

There they were face to face, two of the most remarkable and most typical men of the seventeenth century in England. They were very much unlike, and yet they had much in common. They were both the product of great spiritual forces and religious movements, and both were trying, each in his own way, to free England from the tyranny of the past. Both feared God and nothing else in the world, and both were sincere men who meant to be true to the light that they had to live by. What a scene it was for some great painter to portray!

Throughout the entire interview George Fox wore his hat, and Cromwell, before whom everyone else uncovered and bowed or knelt, was not in the least offended, but understood by a kind of fine instinct that his visitor meant him no disrespect. The two men talked together much about truth and much about religion, and they seem to have understood each other fairly well and to have agreed frequently. Fox says that Cromwell "carried himself very moderately." Cromwell told Fox that he quarreled too much with the ministers. It was a good point to make, and there was truth in it. Fox declared that it was the ministers that began the quarrel, that they were forever attacking him, though he admitted that he often charged them with preaching for money, with being covetous and greedy and with always having their eyes on the main chance for their own advancement. Several times Cromwell declared, "That is so!"

"That is true!" "That is a fact," Fox pointed out in his usual way that it was not enough to read the Scriptures and to pretend to believe them, that to be a true Christian a man must have the spirit and life and power of the apostles and prophets who wrote the Scriptures, not merely have their books; and Cromwell apparently thought so too. He caught George by the hand; his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together we should be nearer one to the other." The great man looked up kindly and added, "I wish no more ill to thee than I do to my own soul." And Fox replied, "If thou didst wish ill to me, thou wouldst wrong thy own soul."

When it was time to go Fox, like an ancient prophet, bid the Lord Protector hearken to God's voice and keep in the fear of God that he might stand and live and act in God's counsel and guidance. "If thou wilt do that," he said, "God will keep thee tender and free from hardness of heart. But if thou shalt not hear God's voice, thy heart will become hardened."

"That is so," Cromwell admitted, and the two men parted.

A PIGEON'S NEST ON THE DRESSER

HOW would you like to have a pigeon's nest right on top of your dresser? That is just what happened in a home in Minneapolis last spring, and two baby pigeons were hatched and cared for in that strange nesting place.

Mrs. McGee, writes a correspondent, was out walking one afternoon when she came upon a pigeon that had been hurt so badly that it could not fly. She talked softly to it and finally succeeded in taking it into her arms. Carrying it home, she dressed its wounds and fed it. She kept it for three days and let it go when the little thing seemed anxious to be about its business.

Several days later she was attracted to her bedroom window by a pair of pigeons out on the ledge; they seemed much excited over something. Several times a day for a week she noticed them there. Then one warm spring day when the bedroom window was open one of them, the female, walked right in, but her mate would not follow her. The next day, however, he consented to come in for a few moments.

By that time the McGees were so much interested that they left the window open on purpose. Sure enough! Mrs. Pigeon began flying in and out, busily bringing sticks and feathers.

She did not care at all who watched her, but the male bird was timid. The nest was built on the dresser, and shortly after it was finished two white eggs appeared in it. Mrs. Pigeon would remain on the eggs all night and until late in the morning; then her mate would take up his share of the task for the afternoon. Of course all the friends and neighbors were anxious to see so unusual a sight, but Mrs. McGee was careful to bring visitors only when the female was on duty; her mate would fly away at sight of anyone.

As I write the two baby pigeons that first saw the light in that strange home are growing fast. "The birds are extraordinarily tidy," said Mrs. McGee. "I thought at first they might cause much trouble, but they haven't."

BLOOD, RED AND BLUE AND GREEN

IT is not a mere figure of speech to speak of the iron in man's blood. That is partly if not wholly responsible for the color of human blood and perhaps in some inexplicable way is the source—or a source—of the superiority that the Mammalia possess over lower forms of life. Professor Barcroft, an eminent English biologist, whose studies in the coloring matter of blood have brought much fresh information to light, is quoted in the London Times as follows:

Blood is not necessarily red. We cannot tell why it should not have been green. Indeed, among higher animals there are occasional specimens that tend in that direction. I have seen, for instance, a rat with brown blood. The cuttlefish has blue blood, or blood that is sometimes blue. Just as human blood changes its color each time it traverses the lungs, so that of the cuttlefish changes each time it is driven through the creature's gills. Our blood is purple when it reaches our lungs, red when it leaves them. Cuttlefish blood is colorless when it passes to the gills, blue when it leaves them. Again, there is a starfish in the blood of which you can see colors of the most diverse type—brown, purple, green, lemon yellow and indigo blue. The brown becomes green when it loses its oxygen.

These colors, owing to their power of carrying oxygen, enable an animal to grow large. Insects have no color in their blood, and they remain small. The mollusks singed out a blue pigment for their use—a color dependent on the copper that it contained. These creatures reached their highest development in the massive, but almost mindless, cuttlefish. The higher animals (vertebrates) chose iron-containing colors and have become the higher types of creation.

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE "BLOOMERS"?

"BLOOMERS" and "howlers," as the English call absurd errors in definition or language, are oftener perpetrated by schoolboys, but their elders are by no means exempt from making the same sort of amusing mistake. In the recent Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley it is related that once at a social gathering the talk turned on the rhetorical "bloomers" that sometimes enliven the sessions of the House of Commons, and several of the gentlemen adduced examples that they had heard there. One had heard an earnest speaker, approaching his main argument, declare impressively: "We will now embark upon the feature on which this question hinges."

Another speaker boldly declared, "We will plant the British flag on the crest of every wave." And a still choicer mixture of metaphors was attained by an orator who proclaimed that "the white face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army." His meaning at least was more complimentary to the British in India than that of a member who some twenty years earlier, as the newspaper of the day recorded, denounced a prominent official in that country as "a fish out of water, riding roughshod over the feelings of the community."

It was in regard to India affairs too that a famous historical "bloomer" found utterance, although in an electoral campaign, not upon the floor of the House. In an impassioned address advocating economy one eloquent candidate assured his constituents:

"Gentlemen, expenditure upon so vast a scale will in time empty even the inexhaustible coffers of Britain and convince her reckless legislators too late, when the mare is stolen, that they must close that barn door through which for years the flood of extravagance has poured unchecked."

QUITE UNSUITED FOR DISCIPLINE

AN Irish attorney who was very lame was moved during the time of trouble in Ireland to take part in military preparations. Learning that among the various volunteer corps being raised was one of lawyers, he decided to join it.

"My dear friend," he remarked to John Philpot Curran, the Irish wit, "these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to join the lawyers' corps and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said Curran. "Tut! Tut! Renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?"

"For this reason," was the reply; "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt!"

Each Grain an Adventure



Luscious and Enticing

To bring enchantment to the breakfast table

CRISP and flaky grains of selected wheat, puffed to 8 times their normal size, light as the air, and with the rich flavor of nut-meats.

You serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And as a special allurements, with fresh or cooked fruit. No breakfast before has ever compared.

To children Quaker Puffed Wheat brings the nourishment of whole grains with the richness of a rare confection; to adults an almost perfect food. Quickly digested and assimilated; kernels steam exploded, with every food cell broken.

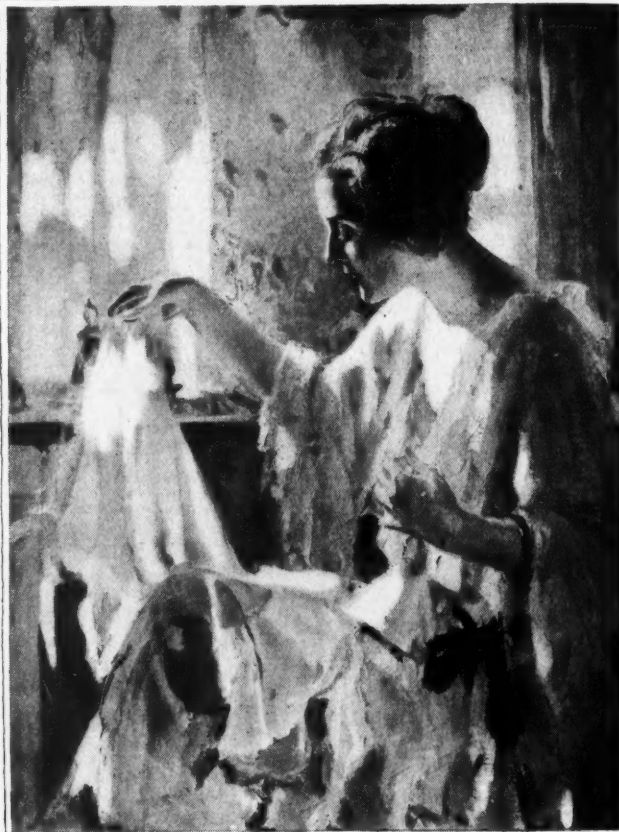
An energy food of fairy delight—yet with vitamins, bran and minerals in balanced combination.

Quaker Puffed Rice, also

Whole rice kernels, steam exploded to 8 times normal size, like the Puffed Wheat. Dainty morsels so light and inviting you would never dream they could be so nutritious.

Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice





Clothes hampers are prison cells!

Don't suffocate your delicate garments.

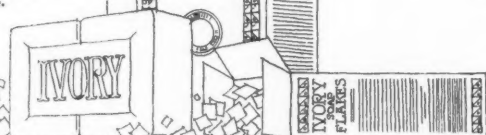
For delicate silk and woollen garments, the family clothes hamper is truly a prison cell—damp, dark and airless.

The silk blouses and undergarments, the sheer stockings with which fashion has replaced the cotton and lisle of a few years ago, should never be thrown into a hamper or bag, even though they may not show soil. After being worn, they contain impurities which, if allowed to remain, soon injure the fabric and fade the colors.

Let us send you a Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response.

Address Procter & Gamble, Department 36-HF, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Here is an easy way to avoid such catastrophes:

Save a few minutes each day for the quick, gentle washing of such garments in mild, cleansing Ivory suds. If you have no immediate time for ironing, dry the articles, and lay them away clean until ironing time comes.

Your filmy silks and fluffy woolens will reward such care with longer life and fresher appearance.

To wash with Ivory suds is so very simple—a quick whipping of the soapy water to a froth, then a few moments of squeezing the suds through the fabric—that is all. And you are sure of absolute safety, because Ivory suds is as harmless as pure water—indeed, millions of women use Ivory every day to protect lovely complexions.

Wouldn't you like to have all your washing done with Ivory suds? Try it, and see how sweet and clean your clothes are. The extra cost is negligible.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A conclusive safety-test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Points to remember in handling fine fabrics

White silks are yellowed easily by hot water, sunlight, or hot irons, and should be washed in Ivory suds barely warm. Use a little bluing to obtain a clear tint.

When washing sheer white cotton or linen fabrics, put material through one boiling rinse and one of very cold water containing bluing and stiffening. Hang in sun until partially dry, then iron without sprinkling.

Dry colored garments inside out in shade.

Permanent finish organdie should be rolled in a towel without stiffening or drying, and ironed while very wet.

I V O R Y